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Tom Bethell on
Reagan's Family Feud
—See page 22

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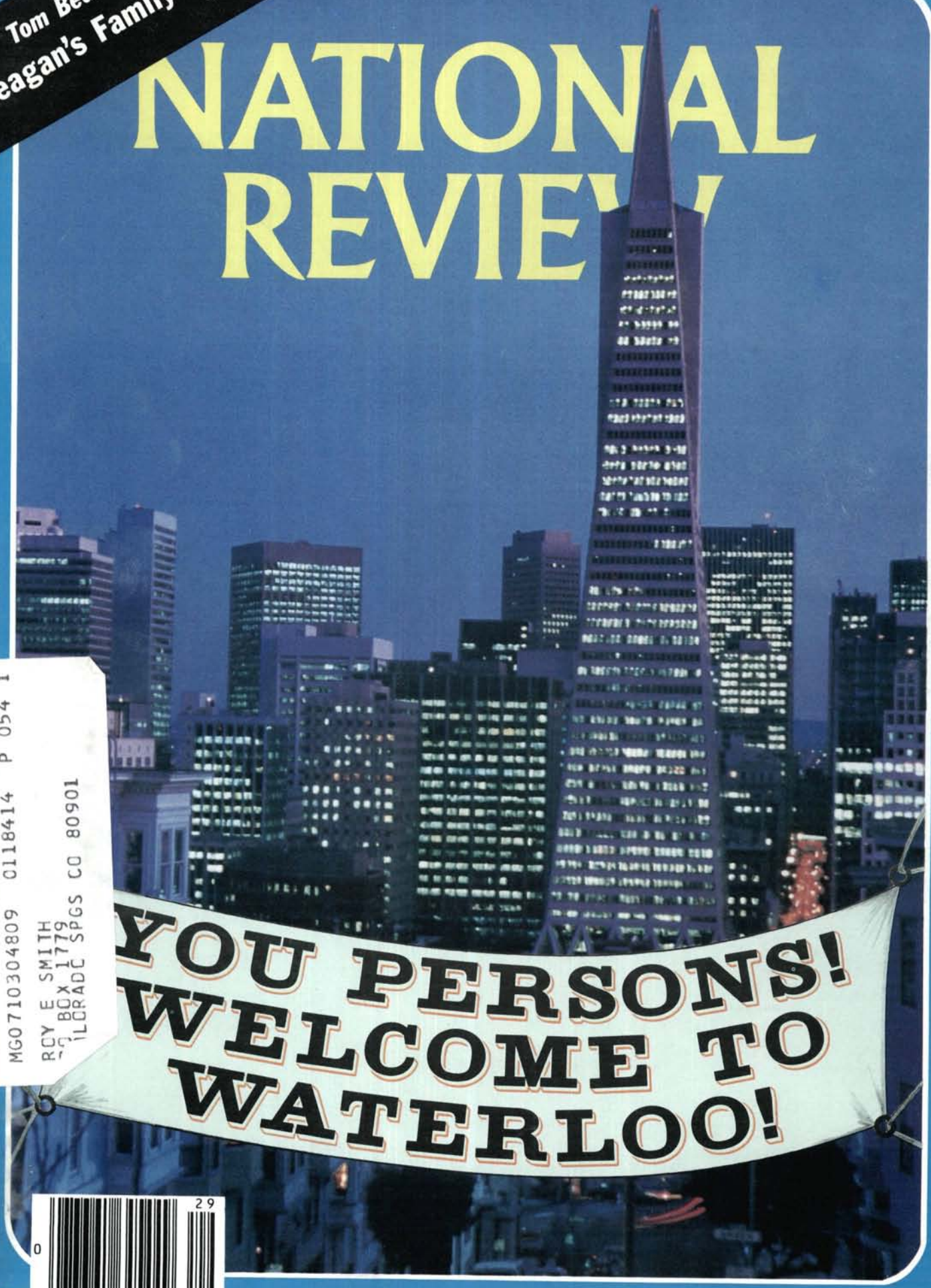

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-R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

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-Midge Decter

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-Reverend Jerry Falwell

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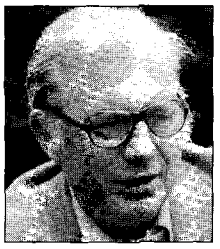
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Walter Mondale lumbers toward San Francisco, a little bloodied and weary from the titanic contest between "New Ideas" and "Where's the Beef?" In his corner was Jimmy Carter, along with an assortment of old union honchos. In Gary Hart's, Hugh Hefner and O. J. Simpson. Having suffered several knockdowns, bloody noses, and shiners, Mondale feels ready to meet the champ (undefeated) in November. Lotsa luck, Fritz.
Richard Brookhiser

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LETTERS

Judicial Regret

What a refreshing outlook Lino Graglia gave me ["Was the Constitution a Good Idea?" July 13]. Sadder but wiser, I realize how important it is to distinguish between the Constitution and its ugly illegitimate brother, judicial review. Would that we could turn back the clocks and stand in time between the ratification of the Constitution and the resolution of *Marbury* v. *Madison* (the case that "established" the power of the Court). From that vantage point one could urge the people: "Listen, that was good, but watch out for *this*." Today we are somewhat like the people of Nicaragua: at the whimsical mercy of a ruling Nine—unelected, unrepresentative, and ultimately dangerous.

I only hope that Mr. Graglia's title doesn't delude others into thinking that the Constitution is at fault. Despite its abuse, the Constitution is still a stick that the intelligent can try to use to beat liberal ignorance and absurd policies. Without it, we would be left open-mouthed and empty-handed.

Oliver Boone
Galveston, Tex.

Toot Uncommon

Joseph A. Rehyansky's otherwise excellent "In Memoriam" ["The Week," June 29], regarding the Memorial Day activities in honor of the unknown soldier of the Vietnam War, was marred by this atrocious statement: ". . . and a bugler *blew* 'Taps.'" For Mr. Rehyansky's information, "Taps" are not *blown*, they are *sounded*.

Berman E. Deffenbaugh Jr.
Ex-Buglemaster, U.S. Navy
San Antonio, Tex.

Bishops' Move

John Tagg's "Breakfast with the Bishops" [June 15] was excellent, but I still would like to know why the bishops, so piously and always concerned with peace, waited to bring out information available for about forty years pertaining to the devastating effects of nuclear weapons, and publicized this information in a manner that may defeat President Reagan in the next election. The Soviets could not have arranged a better scenario, as far as they are concerned.

Catherine V. Walsh
New York, N.Y.

Long ago, before the controversy discussed by Mr. Tagg, religious folk believed personal sin to be a tragedy far more real than the possible destruction of the universe. Today we actually believe the possible destruction of the universe to be a tragedy far more real than personal sin! *Non enim habemus hic manentem civitatem, sed futuram inquirimus* (Hebrews 13:14).

Rev. Robert M. Krawinkel
Saint Francis de Sales Parish
St. Louis, Mo.

I couldn't help but break out laughing several times as I read "Breakfast with the Bishops." John Tagg was so skillful in exposing the sheer simplemindedness of the bishops' letter. Soon, however, my laughter turned to sorrow as I contemplated the mammoth struggle before us: We must wrest control of the Church from these fools who are shepherding us along the red-brick road of Marxism.

Martin A. Waters
Hempstead, N.Y.

Civil Offense

While I most heartily agree with the thesis of John McLaughlin ["Remarks of the Chairman," June 15] that national security is best achieved by a strong military defense, his argument is not helped by an example that misconstrues American history. Mr. McLaughlin says: "In the Civil War, the South seceded only after President Buchanan had stripped the North of its arsenal . . ."

Ofergoshsakes. Does the Chairman really believe that secession occurred for the reasons he states? Neither North nor South had an "arsenal," and the North did not need "defenses"; on the contrary, it was faced with the much more difficult job of attacking and subduing a newly created nation which claimed that all it wanted was to be let alone.

Vernon W. Glasser
Palo Alto, Calif.

Majority Studies

I entered Princeton 27 years ago, when, according to Mr. Neusner ["Ethnic Studies, Campus Ghettos," June 15], campus populations were homogenized, and the study of humanities accorded "white-male experience the status of the norm."

Even in that dark day, there were plenty of Jewish students and teachers

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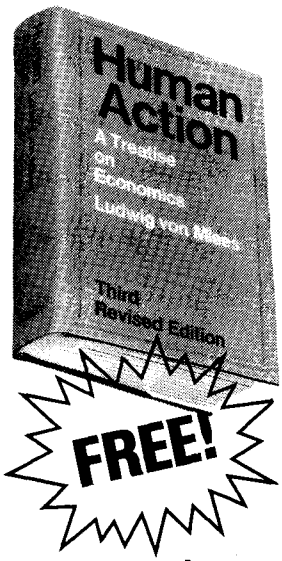

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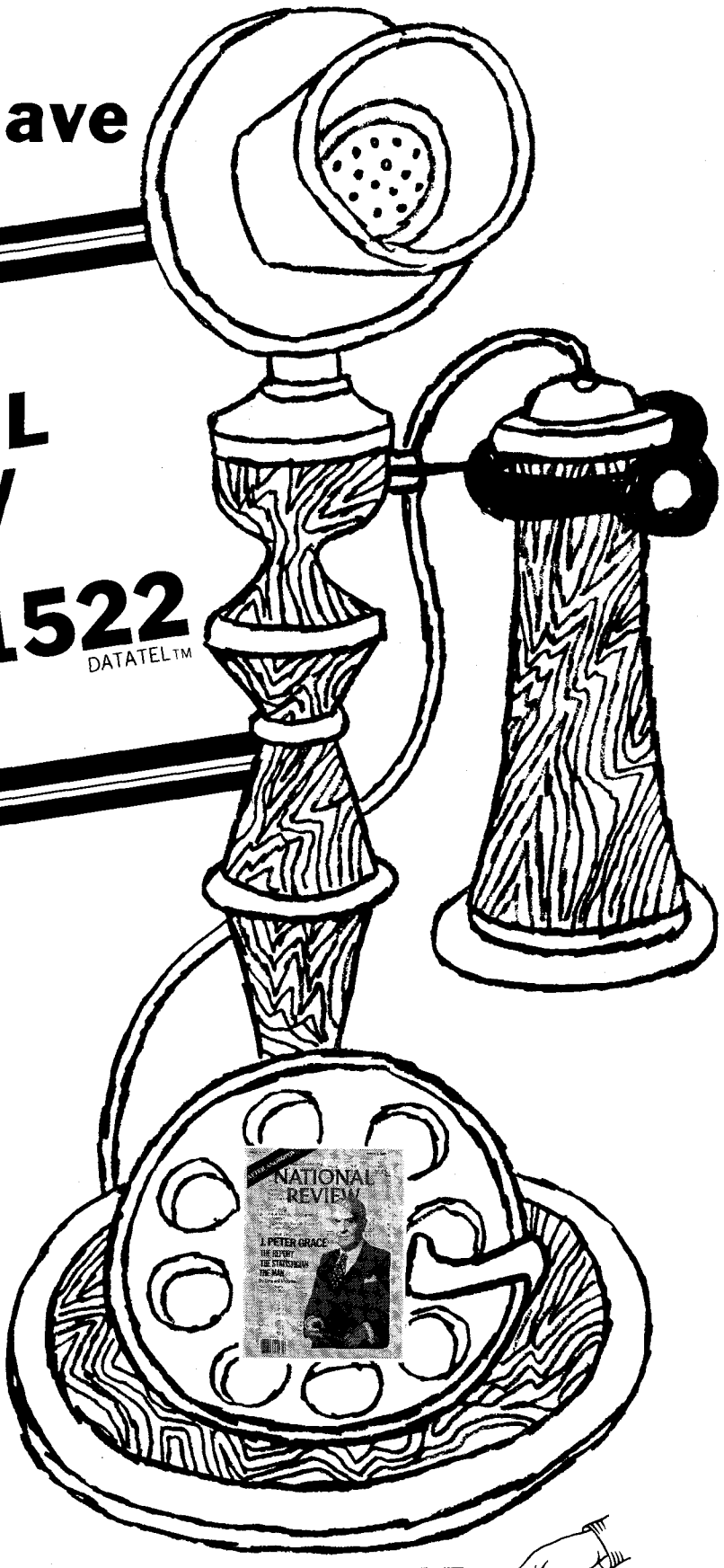

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(not just the "clever Jews in the research department"); there were well-trodden paths within traditional departments for the entry and examination of matter from the world's cultures; and there was sharp discussion of woman's place (Sophocles, Shakespeare, Congreve, Hemingway) through study of literature, sociology, and other disciplines. I think a flaw of Mr. Neusner's excellent article is its very acceptance of the claims that minority subject matter and viewpoints were formerly excluded from campus examination.

I preferred the old system, where the burden was on student or teacher to justify inclusion of some newfangled subject within a broader program—the women's viewpoint in novels, Puerto Rican culture within Latin American studies, slavery's legacy within history, sociology, etc. Requiring such justification also forces the advocates to proceed according to rigorous academic standards.

Our universities need not apologize for being the carriers and transmitters of Western tradition. The tradition can accommodate many paths of inquiry, but each path need not become a tradition unto itself.

Sam Segal
Great Neck, N.Y.

Moore Is Less

Two consecutive issues of mentioning the Right Reverend Paul Moore Jr., bishop of the Diocese of New York ["The Week," May 18, June 1], deserve response.

First, inasmuch as every Christian must bear his own cross, so it also seems reasonable that every Christian denomination ought do the same. Bishop Moore ably serves the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America in that capacity. Moreover, he has tremendous value as an exemplar of what no diocese needs in future bishops. Many of us fervidly pray, indeed, that he one day will be remembered as the Jimmy Carter of Via Anglica.

Scott Payne
Muskegon Heights, Mich.

Closet Prayers

Regarding "Poland's Cross—and America's" [June 1], by L. Brent Bozell, let's not overlook the wondrous enigma, the mystical symbolism, of that shot of Senator Weicker praying on the very publicly owned steps of the Capitol with NCC and ACLU folks on the day he helped to send the School Prayer Amendment down the drain. My son, a high-school student, asked why prayer could be allowed in the one public place and not the other, so I wrote and asked the senator that very question. His response filled four (4) pages of *The Congressional Record*, none of which spoke to the question. Now the House, under the leadership of Messrs. O'Neill and Rodino, has defeated the Equal Access Act, which, I understand, would have permitted private, voluntary group prayer in high schools after school hours.

Senator Moynihan offers the freedom of New York's permissible "moment of silence"; Senator Weicker offers the freedom of the closet. Would that they would take full advantage of these freedoms for the rest of their incumbencies!

June Duryea
Potsdam, N.Y.

In Defense of Rahner

In reply to my good friend James Hitchcock's letter [July 13] I freely admit that I may have erred on the charitable side in my Karl Rahner obituary [June 1], but I still doubt that he was a formal heretic—unlike Küng. In the more than five thousand pages of his *Schriften zur Theologie* there is certainly no heresy. Yet I truly wonder how the English translations of his writings sound (consider the distortions the writings of Freud have suffered). Even the writings of Hugo Rahner (who, unlike Karl, wrote a beautiful and clear German) lose their character in translation. Moreover, many of Karl Rahner's utterances have to be understood *in modo recipientis*.

I admit that Karl Rahner—a very important but not highly original thinker—forgot sometimes that the Church is *also* a Cross, a simple fact that St. John of the Cross and St. Ignatius (not to mention St. Joan of Arc) painfully realized. In his declining years Karl Rahner became a bit of a sourpuss, an evolution I have to fight against myself.

Disciples? One is never truly responsible for them. Just take the filiations Darwin-Haeckel, Haeckel-Hitler! (Not that I am a Darwinist by any means, but when Marx—another racist—wanted to dedicate *Das Kapital* to Darwin, the biologist politely declined.)

Rereading my obituary of Rahner, I still stick to it, although I admit that I wrote it about a man I knew personally very well and whose brother was my friend.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Lans, Tyrol

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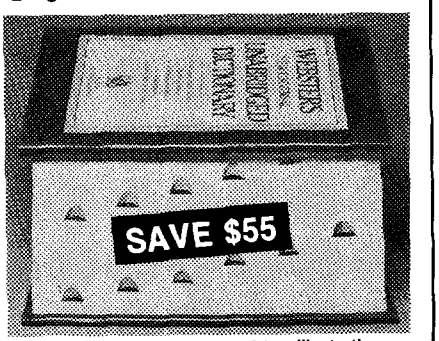

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FOR THE RECORD

Walter Mondale got early headlines with talk of woman Veep, but in days before Democratic Convention issue was giving him nothing but headaches. **Judy Goldsmith**, president of National Organization for Women, told NOW convention in Miami Beach that there would be a floor fight in San Francisco if Mondale didn't pick a woman. Asked if NOW would be satisfied with a Mondale promise to appoint a Cabinet half filled with women, as well as a certain number of women to Supreme Court, Mrs. Goldsmith said that NOW wants these things in addition to woman Veep. If Mondale selects a man, she said, "I don't know how we can go out to women and say, 'Here's something to work for.' " According to *Washington Post*/ABC News Poll, seven in ten delegates to Democratic Convention think party should select a woman—probably Rep. **Geraldine Ferraro** (N.Y.). . . . But it's doubtful Mondale will pick Rep. Ferraro or any other woman. Polls show Mondale/**Hart** running much better than Mondale/anybody else. . . . Mondale's second headache is **Jesse Jackson**. Jackson's repudiation of latest utterances by **Louis Farrakhan** satisfied some Jewish leaders but not all. "The Democratic Party may be too beholden to the constituents of Jesse Jackson," says Rabbi **Marvin Heir**, a Los Angeles Jewish leader, "and if that means that Jesse Jackson's politics could be a part of the Democratic Party, then that scares American Jews." . . . New York Mayor **Ed Koch** wants Jackson to denounce Farrakhan—not just his statements—and if Jackson doesn't, Koch says, Mondale should renounce Jackson's support. (If Jackson has learned anything in his travels this year, it's how much he dislikes Koch. Jackson reportedly plans to spend a lot of time in New York next year. Koch will be up for re-election and Jackson wants him replaced by a black.) . . . Meanwhile, Jackson issued statement on Farrakhan only after Democratic bigwigs gave him blunt message: A repudiation of Farrakhan, in words of Democratic Committee national director **Michael Steed**, would "have a very significant impact on whether or not [Jackson] would be allowed to speak at convention." . . . In Chicago appearance, Jackson criticized Democratic platform—"the issue of fairness has not been resolved"—and declared he was entitled to be in on choosing Veep and on consultations about Secretaries of State and Defense. He also criticized **Reagan**, Mondale, and Hart as "inexperienced" in dealing with Central American and Middle Eastern leaders. During Chicago appearance, Jackson was escorted to stage by **Abdul Akbar Muhammad**, Farrakhan's national spokesman, and the candidate went out of his way to recognize members of Farrakhan's sect who were in audience. . . . Mondale's third headache is Ronald Reagan. All polls show him leading Mondale by big margins. Reagan campaign manager **Ed Rollins** says Reagan is trailing Mondale only in District of Columbia, Hawaii, Maryland, Massachusetts, and West Virginia—that's right, Mondale even trails in Minnesota. . . . **Kevin Phillips**, in *American Political Report*, says Presidents with high degree of approval in late spring invariably have won re-election: **FDR** in 1936, 1940, 1944; **Eisenhower** in 1956; **LBJ** in 1964; **Nixon** in 1972. Nixon, by the way, won't campaign for Reagan. "I can't think of anything that would be appropriate for me to do that would be helpful" is how he puts it. . . . In Florida to obtain endorsement of Governor **Robert Graham**, Mondale agreed that he was far behind in polls but claimed to like it: "I never want to be called a front-runner again as long as I live."

Hawker, *Punch* / Rothco

"Tell me, do you ever get the feeling ethnic culture is passing you by?"

Jerry Falwell will be in San Francisco week before convention to attend a Moral Majority Family Forum and to bring pressure on Democratic Party. "I am determined," says Falwell, "to see that the traditional family is represented in this year's Democratic platform no matter the cost." . . . Though **Tip O'Neill** didn't invite him, **Newt Gingrich** (R., Ga.) plans to attend San Francisco Convention. While Democrats are meeting inside Moscone Center, Gingrich will be outside holding press conferences. With him will be several Democrats who switched to GOP as well as members of GOP congressional crowd that has been giving O'Neill fits. . . . At GOP Convention in Dallas about 45 per cent of 2,235 delegates will be women. In 1980, 29 per cent were women. **Mary Louise Smith**, liberal who was Republican National Chairman at beginning of Reagan Presidency, isn't satisfied. Majority of women chosen as delegates, she says, aren't activists. . . . Democratic Convention will be, by party mandate, evenly divided between men and women. And, thanks to effort by **John R. Reilly** and other staffers, Mondale will have more black delegates committed to him than Jackson will have.

Jackson's next jaunt? It may be a visit to the Soviet Union in an effort to free **Andrei Sakharov**. Jackson also says he's "quite concerned about the issue of the freedom of Soviet Jewry," but this bid for Jewish favor is not likely to fool Jackson's old friend "Hymie."

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THE WEEK

☐ If Louis Farrakhan means to retain whatever shreds of credibility he still has, he'd better get off the fence and repudiate Jesse Jackson.

☐ That National Council of Churches group that went on a Potemkin tour of the USSR got, as an unexpected bonus, a glimpse of martyrdom. In a Baptist church in Moscow, demonstrators raised a sign saying: "This is a persecuted church." Accounts differ as to what happened next. The *New York Times* reported a violent scuffle, after which the demonstrators were arrested. NCC spokesmen said the demonstrators were released, and went on to praise the Soviets' handling of the incident. "I understand that in the United States a situation like this would have been handled by the police," said one, oddly. Another blamed the failure of arms-control talks on the United States. The Soviet press quoted the visitors as praising Soviet freedom of religion, and for once we believe it. If this bunch had dropped in at the Roman Colosseum, it would have had kinds words for the lions.

☐ "Industrial policy" is the theory that if the private economy has trouble carrying the weight of social programs, the problem must be with the private economy: Government should spur it into greater efforts with new regulations and subsidies. After a long track record of ravaging European economies, industrial policy was set to make its U.S. debut June 12, when Rhode Island voters were supposed to endorse the Greenhouse Compact, an elaborate scheme to get the state government into industrial planning. Local big businesses, valuing subsidies more than freedom, pushed hard for the compact; so did unions, banks, politicians, newspapers, in fact nearly everyone of prominence except a few economists at Brown University. Officials boasted that, after hundreds of lectures and town meetings, the compact was the most thoroughly explained ballot proposal in history. And Rhode Island voters turned it down by a crushing 80 to 20 margin. Walter Mondale has been thinking of adopting "industrial policy" as the economic centerpiece of his campaign. Go ahead, Fritz. Make our day.

☐ Space-based defense is feasible (see "A Missile Downed," *NR*, "The Week," July 13) but not thinkable. Orbiting anti-missile devices, whether lasers or space artillery along the lines of the High Frontier proposal, would upset the Soviets, pollute space, speed up the arms race, and so forth and so on. So say the critics, manifesto-signers, and Op-Ed-page contributors, many of them scientists. Which raises yet again an interesting point. Scientists are entitled to oppose weapons programs on two grounds, 1) technical, or 2) political and moral. In the first case, they draw on professional expertise, uniquely accessible to themselves, to deliver the judgment that a given system will not work. In the second case, they draw on ethical or prudential precepts that are common property. The two cases are obviously different, though that doesn't prevent a lot of base-stealing. John Einstein, professor of physics at Bigbrains University, might decide that High Frontier won't fly. He might also decide that it is unwise and immoral. His PhD is relevant only in the former case.

☐ They're not kicking Richard Nixon around any more. With Ronald Reagan in the White House, yesterday's Nixon-haters are starting to think they should have counted their blessings when the man from Whittier was imposing wage and price controls, visiting China, and pursuing détente. Would Nixon have called the USSR an "evil empire"? No! Talked about the pain suffered by an aborted child? Not likely!! Endorsed a flat-rate income tax? Never!!! Nostalgia is causing strong men to crack: Jonathan Yardley of the *Washington Post* calls Nixon's recent comeback in public life "heroic." Tom Wicker has gone further: Writing in *Esquire*, he advances the audacious thesis that Jimmy Carter, all things considered, really wasn't so bad.

At Democratic Headquarters

Though Gary smiled and Teddy beamed
And Louis Farrakhan's been reamed
And Jesse wrote from Castroland
He'd sing along with Fritz's band,
It doesn't take a hound dog to
Conclude that where they're at's a zoo.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JESSE JACKSON's peregrinations abroad are due in no small part to Walter Mondale's failure to deal with the black leader, the street wisdom here says. A month ago, Jesse enjoyed great press attention. Then it became apparent that he was an also-ran, and he turned to Fritz for resuscitation, but Fritz finessed him and Jesse got mad. His Central American tour enabled the press to restore him to center stage, creating much perplexity for the Mondale team. "The potential exists for Jackson to tell Walter at the convention to take a flying leap at himself," notes a savvy and highly placed political pro here, "or simply to blight Mondale with an 'Oh, yes, I'll vote for Fritz' pledge, and then sit it out." If Jesse opted not to mobilize his constituency, the black turnout would be greatly diminished, no question.

The problem is compounded by the extreme pressure Walter Mondale is now under from American Jews for a declaration of independence from Jesse Jackson. Despite Jackson's dumping of Louis Farrakhan for his anti-Semitic obscenities ("reprehensible and morally indefensible"), prominent Democratic Jews from all over the country are calling the Reagan-Bush committee and saying that they will vote for Reagan over Mondale, so outraged are they by Mondale's timidity in standing up to Jackson, whose anti-Semitism is imperfectly veiled at best. If Jackson is permitted to address the Democratic Convention, more Jews will be disaffected. Some pros here believe that for the first time in history, a Republican candidate for President may actually capture the majority of Jewish votes in November. Even Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Arens is hinting that he supports Reagan's re-election. The bottom line is a big no-win situation for Mondale. The Democratic Party has two strong constituencies, blacks and Jews, with Jews having lots more clout than blacks. Jewish pressure on Mondale to reject Jesse will carry, and that means goodbye to any large black turnout for Fritz.

The White House is being urged to permit Jeane Kirkpatrick to speak during prime time at the GOP Convention in Dallas by ten conservative Republican congressmen (Newt Gingrich, Vin Weber, Mark Siljander, Connie Mack, Jack Kemp, Barbara Vucanovich, John Hiler, Don Sundquist, John Kasich, Lynn Martin). A tempest has been raging between Reaganite hard-liners who believe that the party should explain Ronald Reagan's foreign policy and, for that matter, crow about it, and squishy don't-rock-the-boaters who want the party to hide from it. Watch for Democratic Ambassador Kirkpatrick to be granted about ten minutes of convention time to make a forceful and lucid pitch that will enhance her chances of becoming Reagan's second-term Secretary of State.

The Gail Sheehy account of Gary Hart's relationship with his American Indian spiritual healer, Marilyn Youngbird, in the current issue of *Vanity Fair* ("The Hidden Hart"), is the talk of the town, with political types here saying that this piece will surely turn the big media searchlights on the Hart-Youngbird association if Hart is picked as Mondale's running-mate. Of particular note is the segment in which Hart is depicted attending a Comanche sunrise ceremony in Colorado with Mrs. Youngbird, featuring Indian chants, "the slow beat of drums," and gourd dancers who "brushed the front and back of our bodies [Marilyn's and Gary's] with eagle feathers." Mrs. Youngbird described the encounter to Mrs. Sheehy: "It was sensual, oh yes. He would look at me smiling from ear to ear." While the language does not literally state as much, the impression left by Gail Sheehy's prose is that the person who now probably aspires to being a heartbeat away from the Presidency strolled buck naked in the Colorado desert with an Indian divorcée of considerable beauty, while still lawfully married, and unseparated from his spouse. No wonder the Reagan-Bush people feel the best ticket for them to run against is Mondale-Hart, with Mondale perceived as a weakling and Hart as a flake. —CATO

☐ On Day 680 of the hostage crisis, no end is in sight. The hostage-holders have gotten together again to step up the level of their rhetoric and their ransom demands. Radical students are marching to support those demands and denounce America. The Soviets are egging on the hard-liners. What is being held hostage in Latin America, of course, is not Western diplomats but Western money. Lives are not directly at stake, but livelihoods are. Data Resources Inc., the consulting firm, has estimated that if five big Latin debtors cease payments 1.1 million Americans will lose their jobs. The Latin debt exceeds the entire output of Canada in one year, or, if you prefer, the assets of the 11 largest corporations in the United States. Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina together owe $250 billion. The total sum of capital held hostage is much greater, because some of these countries have effectively forbidden foreign investors to repatriate their profits or capital.

☐ The 17-week-old British coal strike grows more serious every day. The government still holds the upper hand: It had built up record stockpiles, the warm weather is reducing demand, and divisions among the miners continue. But the effects on Britain's fragile recovery are being felt, even to the point of threatening the Thatcher government somewhere down the road. So far, the strike has cost the government more than $1.4 billion. The British Railway Board is losing $6.9 million a week in potential revenue because of decreased coal shipments. If the strike lasts a year, economists say, the gross domestic product will drop a full percentage point, and the need to import expensive foreign oil will spur inflation. Furthermore, an extended strike could force the permanent closure of thirty to forty additional mines, because when a pit is dormant for any length of time, its walls tend to crumble and then collapse. Even union officials admit, off the record, that some strikers

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have gone back to work, but the hard core remains polarized, and a recent poll shows widespread (if minority) support for the strikers. Mrs. Thatcher has failed to come down hard on illegal strike practices for fear of alienating other unions. But as the economy suffers, and as Arthur Scargill continues to whip up his fanatical strikers, Britain stumbles, apparently helpless, toward a major crisis.

☐ François Mitterrand went on a tear at a state dinner in Moscow. He told his startled hosts that France would never surrender its *force de frappe*, that the Pershings and cruises were in Europe as a response to the SS-20s, that Afghanistan and Poland had provoked East-West "disagreements," and that the human-rights provisions of Helsinki had "contractual value," and what's become of Sakharov, anyway? And we always thought the frogs had *savoir-faire*! Next time, François, *parle doucement et porte un petit bâton.*

☐ As if our world weren't already obsessed by youth, the UN has declared 1985 International Youth Year, which is like having a telethon for the extremely healthy. The "highlight" of the year promises to be the 12th Annual Festival of Youth, to be held in Moscow next summer. By hosting this Woodstock of the Warsaw Pact, Moscow hopes to transform the naturally annoying habits of adolescence into patterns of thinking that can last the participants a lifetime. The whole effort will fail, however, because young people feel a biological compulsion to call anybody whose food they are eating a warmongering oppressor. Nevertheless, the youngsters who attend the festival will probably learn the one maxim that applies uniquely to the members of the Soviet politburo: Never trust anyone over thirty.

☐ Who would *ever* have guessed that Hans Küng would be edging closer to Marxism? Well, what do you know. The dimpled, wavy-haired theologian has led a group of like-minded souls in signing a protest against the Vatican's inhospitable attitude toward "liberation theology." The short statement set a new density record for buzzwords: besides "liberation," there were "renewal," "communities," "vitality," "the poor," "women," "minorities," "social change," "tensions necessary to the life of the church," "solidarity," "new movements," "Third World," "context," "pluralism," "freedom of research and expression," and—whew! —"new ways of proclaiming the gospel." Since Father Küng's latest individual effort is a book questioning the immortality of the soul, including the soul of Jesus Christ (see p. 46), it is worth asking a) why he bothers and b) why any Christian should care.

☐ Four national conservative foundations have begun working together to mount an assault on the Left's near monopoly on control of our nation's campus media. The official magazine of the Students for a Better America, *Student Magazine*, founded at the University of Colorado at Boulder, has gone national with a sophisticated four-color format. Similarly, *The Hawkeye Review*, founded at the University of Iowa, began circulating in thirty cities last month, under the auspices of the Young Conservative Alliance. The National Center for Public Policy Research is expanding its year-old student journalism information program to supply the conservative perspective to all college newspapers. And the Leadership Institute, which held a highly acclaimed Student Publications Seminar in 1983, will take the program on the road in 1984 and hold three seminars across the country. The foundations have also announced a joint weekly radio show, which made its debut earlier this month and is broadcasting in 75 markets.

☐ Complaints about acid rain do not have much to do with the creatures of the sea. An article in *Chesapeake Bay Magazine* observes that the acidity added by man to rain water (which is to a certain extent acidic already) causes no detectable problems to aquatic life. Different animals prefer different levels of acidity anyway, which occur in various areas of the bay. Rain water has little effect on these natural levels. Furthermore, ocean water is usually "basic" (the opposite of acidic), and thus neutralizes the rain almost instantly.

☐ The constitutional protection of free speech does not apply to taxpayers' remarks about the IRS, according to the IRS. Last year, 5,520 taxpayers were hit with $500 fines for comments tacked onto completed, paid-up tax forms. Oddly enough, the law the IRS invokes does not apply to completed but unpaid forms, so if you want to spout off, better keep that in mind.

☐ A Fort Lauderdale woman who died last December received a form from the local Social Security of-

Shell Shock

While ladies bearing banners
  Demand a gal for Veep
And Jews assaulting Jesse
  Are robbing Fritz of sleep,
The center of the party,
  Which used to be its soul,
Is searching, like the doughboy,
  To find a better hole.

W. H. von Dreele

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fice along with a handwritten note: "We've received a report you may be deceased. Please come in with proof of identity."

☐ The news from Europe is that Mr. Ron Langton of London found five flounders and a whiting on his lawn after a storm, and probably would have found more except his cat ate some, and that's about all we want to hear from Europe.

The Totalitarian, Anti-Semitic Party?

SHOULD A MAN who is an anti-Semite and a lick-spittle for Communist and other dictators be permitted to address the Democratic Convention in San Francisco as an acceptable spokesman for the Democratic Party?

That question immediately raises another one. Does Walter Mondale recognize a moral imperative when he sees one? During the past three weeks, Mondale has interviewed, ostensibly for the Vice Presidency, representatives of every known and some unknown minorities and interest groups, and if he has not yet conferred with Gunga Din, the yeti, and Gore Vidal, we expect to read in tomorrow's newspaper that he has finally done so. Mondale's moral sense may have become so rubberized by ambition that it resembles a squash ball, but if he has any of it left he must realize that Jesse Jackson (see "The Cuban Primary," below), who has hailed Castro and Che Guevara and even praised Castro's "moral leadership," who has fawned on the Sandinistas and attacked his own country from foreign rostrums, who has denounced the U.S. for arrogance and even for creating the Panama Canal, who has called our Founding Fathers militarists and given foreign audiences a botched and servile version of the early history of the Republic, who speaks about "Hymies" and "Hymietown" and who had to be dragged kicking and screaming to put some distance between himself and the crazed anti-Semite Louis Farrakhan —Mondale in San Francisco must realize that Jackson's appearance at the Convention must be permitted only in the context of Mondale's explicit disavowal of him and his views.

Jackson himself, of course, created Farrakhan as a national figure, with Farrakhan clinging to Jackson's hospitable lapel like some kind of evil lizard, not even flicked away when he issued public death threats, praised Adolf Hitler, and threatened race war. Finally, while Jackson was abroad embracing dictators, Farrakhan attacked Judaism as a "dirty religion," called the creation of Israel an "outlaw act," and described supporters of Israel as part of a "criminal conspiracy." Jackson was in Havana enjoying Castro's "moral leadership" when a reporter brought the latest atrocity to his attention, and he refused to comment on it. Perhaps this evident reluctance is understandable in an anti-Semite who himself talks about Jews as "Hymies." A short time later, Jackson's headquarters in Washington issued a brief statement denouncing Farrakhan's latest remarks, which after all were not that different from what Farrakhan—who was once described as Jackson's "surrogate"—has been saying for months. Jackson, that connoisseur of "moral leadership," has since declined any further comment.

Jackson's behavior in all of this has led to speculation of a sort not exactly commonplace in national politics. New York's mayor, Ed Koch, charged that Jackson is afraid to repudiate Farrakhan because "I think he knows where Jesse Jackson's money comes from. I think it comes from Libya." Columnist Jimmy Breslin did some digging and in an interesting column connected Farrakhan with various lethal events going back to the murder of Malcolm X. Breslin plausibly concluded: "Given the history of these things as I recall them, I think it is legitimate today to ask Jesse Jackson if he is afraid of Louis Farrakhan."

But what about other black leaders, and what about Walter Mondale? Are they afraid of Jesse Jackson?

The Cuban Primary

AS THE CAMPAIGNS of Walter Mondale and Gary Hart—one victorious, the other more and more reconciled to defeat—wound their several ways to San Francisco (see "Something Old and Something New," by Richard Brookhiser, p. 24), the very different campaign of Jesse Jackson headed for Panama, El Salvador, Cuba, and Nicaragua.

The itinerary was significant. It was once supposed by many observers that Jackson was running not for the nomination, which was plainly beyond his grasp, but for the symbolic role of Number One Black—the spokesman and broker for blacks within American politics. That was indeed the case. But Jackson, it is clear, also has another goal: to become a transnational Third World Force, with his own private foreign policy. So the campaign that took off with Lieutenant Goodman's return from Syria—a favor to Jackson by pro-Soviet Third World friends—ended with hero's welcomes in Cuba and Nicaragua.

The ostensible purpose of the trip was to launch what Jackson called a "moral offensive." A great believer in personal diplomacy (particularly when conducted by his own person), Jackson warned that a general Central American war loomed in the fall unless tensions could be resolved now, and his trip was intended to lessen those tensions through his mediation.

This, the diplomatic component of the trip, was a

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For Border Control

It's simple, really. All you do
Is call up, say, a corps or two,
Then send this mobilized command
To man the leaky Rio Grande.
For draftees who may disagree,
There's always permanent KP.

W. H. VON DREELE

failure. None of the leaders with whom Jackson conferred proposed anything different from what they have offered many times before. The foreign ministers of the Contadora countries (Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama), who were originally on the schedule, did not meet him. The political front men for the Salvadoran guerrillas, who have sat out the war in Panama City, used him as an occasion for yet another press conference. El Salvador's President Duarte, in a joint appearance, assured Jackson that he would take his ideas to the Salvadoran people (translation: Nice to see you, Jesse, now we'll do this our own way). Fidel Castro reached into his capacious jails and doled out a few dozen prisoners, much as lesser hosts pass out cigars. Concerning the prisoner maneuver, the *New York Times* reported a rich detail, half Solzhenitsyn, half Evelyn Waugh. Before Jackson visited the Havana jail, the inmates were instructed to play baseball—an exercise known as the "visitors' game," since a VIP visit is the only circumstance under which it is allowed. But since Jackson showed up his customary hour or two late, the prisoners had to play seventy innings.

That was diplomacy. But there was also talk. Here Jackson, according to his Third World lights, succeeded spectacularly. His rhetoric was strictly out of the General Assembly, or the last meeting of the Non-Aligned. Laying a wreath on the tomb of Omar Torrijos, he noted that the Panama Canal Zone had been a "burden of shame and pain on the people of Panama," characterized by the "worst dimensions of American segregation and South African apartheid." He visited Cuba's Isle of Youth, an indoctrination center for children from the African countries in which Castro keeps soldiers, and called it "one of the most magnificent expressions of God in the world today." He ended one Cuban speech, at the University of Havana, with the peroration, "Long live Cuba! Long live the United States! Long live President Castro! Long live Martin Luther King [twice]! Long live Che Guevara! Long live Patrice Lumumba!"; another, at a Methodist church, with the cry, "Hold on, Cuba! Hold on, Castro! Hold on, Nicaragua!" (the recessional was "We Shall Overcome"). He told the Nicaraguan Council of States, a rubber-stamp parliament of Sandinista toadies, that the United States had no grounds for presumption, since, although we had a Declaration of Independence in 1776, we didn't elect a President until 1789: "The gap between General Washington and President Washington was 13 years."

This grotesque blizzard was not some fluke; it has been a long time coming. The nonsense about Washington has been a part of the Jackson spiel for months (hasn't *anyone* in his entourage heard of the Articles of Confederation?). On the eve of the New York primary, Jackson cited Sékou Touré and Kwame Nkrumah as forerunners. His wife preceded him to Nicaragua, and his Syrian connection goes back to 1979.

It is also possible to see in Jackson's Third Worldism an older strain of thought—one of three responses to the post-Civil War situation of American blacks. Booker T. Washington preached the gospel of hard work, from the bottom up if necessary. W. E. B. Du Bois argued that black advancement could only come after serious social change—a conclusion that ultimately led him into the Communist Party. Marcus Garvey, the most exotic of the three, expounded Pan-Africanism, a kind of crackpot racial romanticism. Jackson's career has been seen mostly as a mixture of Washington and Du Bois—the latter, obviously, in his demands for government action; the former also, in his belief in education and self-help. Perhaps what we are now witnessing is a Garvey gene, with a pro-Communist mutation. Whatever it is, it doesn't have much to do with American politics. Jackson shouldn't give up—Sékou Touré's old job is open, and Castro isn't immortal.

Island Pond and Civil Liberties

THE TINY village of Island Pond (population: 1,500) in far northern Vermont is close to the Canadian border but not very close to anything else, though it possesses for some reason one of the best restaurants in that region of the world, called the Buck and Doe, good, perhaps, because of the nearby demands of French taste and a French clientele. But if you go there for dinner you may well run into a waiter or waitress who has broken with the Northeast Kingdom Community Church, which has turned Island Pond upside down in recent years. The waiter or waitress will be working to make a few dollars in order to escape from the partially colonized town of this radical Christian cult.

Rural Vermont is a place where few questions are asked and the authorities leave you alone, but the inhabitants of the region around Island Pond began to recognize that the Northeast Kingdom Community Church had some strange practices. For example, obeying their own reading of Scripture, they frequently beat their children with wooden wands or sticks,

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sometimes in public, on the street, and sometimes all day, covering the child with welts. It was difficult to find out about all this in legally relevant detail, because the cult did not deign to communicate with the outside world, which it calls the Kingdom of Satan—no birth or death certificates, no schooling, no medical care, no questions answered, no response to subpoenas, no nothing.

"It's true," the perfectly normal-looking young waiter at the Buck and Doe says. "I got away three months ago. It's hard, because you don't have a cent. They control the money." He tells you that they "really beat the hell out of those kids," and that the elders of the cult are having a kind of ark built in Rhode Island, on which they plan to depart for Portugal in the near future, which will certainly solve the local Island Pond problem.

Meanwhile, the complaints of child abuse built up on the desk of liberal Republican Governor Richard Snelling; getting, as he thought, his legal ducks in a row, he sent some one hundred state troopers to Island Pond on the morning of June 22 and seized about 120 children, who were taken by bus to nearby Newport, Vermont, to be detained at court order and examined for evidence of abuse.

It did not work. A Vermont judge threw the case out on constitutional grounds, and the children are now back in Island Pond being caned for the greater glory of God and the ultimate defeat of the Kingdom of Satan.

Clearly there are conflicting values at issue here, but it is too bad that Governor Snelling's initiative did not get at the full truth concerning the treatment of these children. He moved late, and his plan would have detained the children only for 48 hours; still, given the nature of the complaints, he had little choice other than to move. This could be another Jonestown situation, in view of the eccentricity and authoritarian character of the cult, and we may well soon be receiving alarming news from Island Pond, or from the ocean between here and Portugal.

Latin America Watch

FIDEL CASTRO was conspicuously absent from the June 14 meeting of Comecon, the Soviet bloc's economic group. Castro is disgruntled by Soviet calls for a Cuban austerity program. Participants at the meeting balked at further subsidies for Cuba's sinking economy and signaled a greater emphasis on shoring up the economies of underdeveloped Eastern European nations.

► Faced with a 1.2-million-ton shortfall in this year's sugar harvest, Cuba is searching for alternative ways to make money, including establishing free ports for European traders at Varadero Beach and Cayo Largo Island.

► According to Chilean newspapers, the number of Soviet, Cuban, and Polish "fishing vessels" operating off the coast of Chile has doubled in less than three years. Intelligence sources report that more than eighty vessels now hug the limits of Chile's territorial waters. The vessels participate regularly in the Soviet naval maneuvers in the South Pacific.

► In late May, Senator Kennedy expressed outrage over the kidnapping of 39 Indians by the *Contras* near Sumubila, Nicaragua. It transpires that the senator was misinformed. Sumubila is a Sandinista concentration camp, not a sanctuary set up for the Indians' protection. The "kidnapped" Indians (of whom there were eighty, not 39) had escaped and fled of their own free will.

Wimbledon, This Year And All the Others

THE ANCIENTS included athletic games as integral parts of their epic poems for a number of excellent reasons, the chief of which is that the classical epic was supposed to represent the entire range of human experience. As Homer and Vergil and Dante and the rest knew, athletics are cognitive, a way of knowing that is different from other ways of knowing, and thus our universities have athletic teams, for good reasons perceived only dimly, and for corrupt reasons only too obvious.

During the current Wimbledon tennis tournament, a reporter asked Chris Evert Lloyd whether she was thinking about retiring, and she replied that she would think about it at the end of the season. The point was that Mrs. Lloyd had lost the last 11 matches she had played against Martina Navratilova and is now starting to have trouble beating teenagers.

Yet only moments ago, Chris Evert, then a teenager herself with a yellow bow on her pigtail, was upsetting Françoise Durr, the French champion, in the stadium at Forest Hills, where Tilden had played, and was going on to one of the great athletic careers of all time.

A. E. Housman wrote a poem entitled "To an Athlete, Dying Young," but one of the things we understand from athletics is that all athletes die young, enacting in larger-than-ordinary-life terms the destiny to which we are all subject. The athlete, as Jeffrey Hart wrote in his book *When the Going Was Good*, undergoes an early death, usually around age thirty. He still looks as trim as ever, but he is a step slower, his eye is less keen, and he knows that the hungry generations are preparing to tread him down.

The last competitive days of Joe Louis and Joe DiMaggio were almost unendurable to those who had glimpsed perfection through them, and Muhammad Ali ran into the cement fists of Joe Frazier in Manila

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"This one's for hugging Assad, this one's for hugging Castro, this one's . . ."

and aged rapidly even though he won the fight. Ali no longer floats like a butterfly or stings like a bee.

There is much that never changes at Wimbledon and the other great tournaments, and presumably the strawberries and cream will always be there, and the exquisitely manicured grass courts, and the awnings and blazers, but everything is also changing, and no one will ever hit Don Budge's backhand again, or Jack Kramer's forehand, those are gone forever, and Chris Evert Lloyd is going too, though she stands in a long line of champions as Wimbledon celebrates the one-hundredth anniversary of women's tennis. Borg is gone, and Connors is going, even as he now has won more Wimbledon singles matches than any other man in history.

Both John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova seem invincible when they are playing at their best, but they too will meet an adversary more formidable than any nosy reporter or less-than-perfect line judge. They will meet time itself in the form of a ferocious and probably still unknown teenager, and that is why athletics is a cognitive and in some way a religious experience.

The Butter Battle Book

DR. SEUSS, who recently won a special Pulitzer Prize commendation for his contributions to children's literature, has made yet another contribution to the genre. *The Butter Battle Book* is a radical departure from previous Seuss works: It is an unabashed and blatant political statement.

The book tells the story of a mythical dispute, a kind of cold war, between two peoples, the Yooks and the Zooks. The Yooks, dressed in blue, are clearly intended to represent the Americans; while the Zooks, dressed in red, are allegorical Russians. The essence of the dispute is the question which side bread should be buttered on, with the Yooks buttering the top side and the Zooks the bottom. The Yanks—or rather Yooks—devise increasingly more sophisticated weaponry to frighten the Zooks, only to discover that the Zooks have come up with the same weapons or better. In the end, each side develops a nuclear weapon—or rather, "the bitsy big boy boomeroo"—and the book ends inconclusively, with each side in mortal fear over who will dare to use that weapon first.

The Butter Battle Book is a trivialization of an already oversimplified world view—that of the nuclear-freeze movement. The adherents of that movement—Dr. Seuss evidently among them—see the U.S.-Soviet rivalry as an unfortunate misunderstanding over not very important cultural differences, e.g., which side bread should be buttered on; a misunderstanding fueled by a senseless arms race driven by technological imperatives alone. Quite obviously, the Yooks should have let the Zooks butter their bread however they pleased; if the United States would only stop modernizing its own arsenals, the Soviet Union would surely do the same, and the whole senseless dispute would wind down and cease. Live and let live—Yooks and Zooks and Kooks alike.

The Butter Battle Book, however, contains a number of subtle messages that could do grave damage to the cause Seuss is professing. Seuss makes the mistake, for example, of explaining that a great wall divides the Yooks and the Zooks. This is all too likely to evoke memories of the Berlin Wall—that stark prison boundary reminding the world that the heart of the East-West struggle is human liberty versus totalitarian tyranny, not American failure to comprehend Russian food, music, and poetry. Seuss also makes the serious mistake of not ending the book with an arms-control

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agreement or a nuclear holocaust. By ending inconclusively, with neither side having fired a serious shot and with each side wary of the nuclear weapons of the other, Seuss reminds us that nuclear weapons have kept the peace for nearly forty years now. The last page of *The Butter Battle Book* is an eloquent, albeit unintended, affirmation of the value of nuclear deterrence—the Zooks do not dare nuke the Yooks for fear of being nuked themselves. Children, in particular, are not likely to conclude from the story that the whole dispute is senseless—Seuss's books are always ridiculous, after all. Children will conclude, instead, that the Yooks are lucky they invented the bomb, so that the Zooks dare not attack them first. They may well infer—to Seuss's chagrin—that remaining strong is the surest way of achieving peace. Give that man the Committee on the Present Danger Award.

Talking Sense

ONE OF THE most interesting journals of opinion in the country at the present time is *The New Republic*, interesting because it is attempting to do nothing less than save the political soul of the Democratic Party. *The New Republic* is not going to support Ronald Reagan, but it has enormous difficulty with the leftward lurch of the Democratic Party, and it is trying to talk some sense to it. It recently performed this service for *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis, whose sensibility and political analysis increasingly seem to come from some other time and some other place. We quote:

> Like all men and women of good will, Anthony Lewis has kindled to the cause of the Sakharovs. Their suffering has occasioned in Mr. Lewis, however, the most misguided analysis of Soviet-American relations that we have seen in a long time. In his column of May 24, the *New York Times* pundit concluded from the recent travails of Andrei Sakharov and Yelena Bonner that Ronald Reagan's policy toward the Russians is "bankrupt." Détente, he pointed out, was responsible for Solzhenitsyn's being "allowed out" in 1974. ("Allowed out"? The KGB kidnapped him in the middle of the night and banished him to Switzerland against his will.) The anti-Soviet spirit, however, has produced a new Soviet repression. Never mind that the United States does not have—can never have—such godlike influence upon another power; the Soviets do as the Soviets will. But is Mr. Lewis aware that Andrei Sakharov is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Ronald Reagan's approach, his "huge arms buildup," his "tough anti-Soviet rhetoric," his "militarized diplomacy"? Last summer the hero of Gorky again took his life into his hands and sent a letter to Professor Sidney Drell of Stanford, published in *Foreign Affairs*, in which he wrote that the Soviets now possess a significant advantage in ICBMs, which the West must correct with the MX missile. He worried about the West's "lack of resolve," and characterized the peace movement as "pacifist." Mr. Sakharov's views are open to debate; even brave men may be wrong. We think that generally he is right. We are certain, moreover, that he can provide no comfort to the likes of Mr. Lewis.

Lillian Hellman, R I P

WHO SAYS the age of chivalry is gone? The *New York Times* obituary speaks of Lillian Hellman's face as "generously lined," while *Newsweek* speaks of the "eloquent bags under her eyes." The lady herself used to write in a similar vein about Stalin.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: Joe Sobran

In my review of Russ Braley's *Bad News* [June 29] I wrote: "Communist conspiracy? There I draw the line. I have no doubt that Messrs. [Tony] Lewis et al. are red-blooded patriots who begin every morning with the Pledge of Allegiance and catch themselves, throughout the day, absentmindedly humming 'The Star Spangled Banner.' What I want to know is, how would they write differently if they *were* part of a Communist cabal?"

Now that last sentence was cut. It may seem a small point, but it drastically alters the sense of the paragraph. It makes me seem to be sarcastically questioning their patriotism, instead of waiving the point of subjective motivation for the purpose of addressing the objective problem. I do, after all, presume that Tony Lewis isn't on the Kremlin payroll.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Just a word of thanks to all at *NR* for the fine job you have been doing over the years. However, "For the Record," in your March 9 issue, referred to the newly elected mayor of Philadelphia as Wilson B. Goode. I would like to point out that the mayor's name is in fact W. Wilson Goode. Perhaps *NR* was thinking of the former Philadelphia basketball player Lloyd B. Free, who changed his name (after leaving Philadelphia) to World B. Free. There is a great deal of difference between goodness and freedom.

Sincerely,
Thomas C. Albrecht
Downingtown, Pa.

Dear Mr. Albrecht: Sorry about that. Was Lloyd freed, or will that come only when Wilson is good?
Cordially,
WFB

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☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

If you haven't seen this from the Communist Party's flagship, you will not forgive yourself, or me.

THE TORY PRINCE
By Fred Whitehead

Over in England recently there was a huge controversy about whether or not the royal baby, Prince William, has red hair. His momma, Lady Di, refutes the claim; other palace visitors tend to confirm it. However, we will leave this momentous question to turn to another one of somewhat greater importance. In a recent column by William F. Buckley, the Prince Charming of the American Tories, we are all summoned to a renewal of his campaign of hunting Reds; though this time he is concerned not with the color of someone's hair, but their politics. Indeed, the title of the column is right up front: "The ennobling virtues of Red-baiting."

Now, to be sure, our Prince William says that no one who is not a Red should be unfairly labeled as such. But as far as the real Reds are concerned, they should be tracked down without mercy.

Indeed, getting the spirit of the holidays, William calls forth all the Christian charity at his command and proclaims: "The time for New Year's resolutions approaches, and I feel the imperative to recommend wholesale Red-baiting during the new year. Why not? The mobilization of the social sanction is a very important democratic instrument." He concludes his essay thus: ". . . since the principal secular call of the century is to oppose the people who gave us Gulag, then Red-baiting is a civilized and honorable activity, and to its continuation I plight my troth, for better or worse, till death do us part." Now this is quite touching, this combination of the tender ritual of the marriage ceremony with the purposes of overt political barbarism, of "baiting," the lowest form of public discourse. I'm tempted to wonder if this degraded pledge isn't in some way related to the oath Mr. Buckley took when he joined the Central Intelligence Agency so many years ago.

Why is Billie Boy getting so wound up about all this again? I'd like to suggest that it is because his favorite political and economic system is bankrupt. Indeed, we now have the prospect of whole countries going bankrupt, or on the verge of it. Capitalist ideological systems are tottering as well. In such a time of chaos and turmoil, those like Buckley implicitly acknowledge that they have no solutions—none at all—so they therefore attempt to divert the attention of the people from themselves, from the real source of power, over to some "other force."

The advantage of slandering the Reds is that these are the very people who do have solutions and the will to implement them on the necessary scale. So if you go after them, you confuse and demoralize the opposition, actual and potential. You behead the movement. But Willie ought to reflect that the patience of the American people is not likely to last forever. Indeed, we have our memories of the first Revolution, of certain tea parties against high and unfair taxes, of certain tarrings and featherings of Tories, which this haughty Prince would do well to consider. His imagined "nobility" will probably be of little help when the People take their vengeance.—*Daily World*, January 7.

☐ Dear Dr. Teller and Mr. Buckley:

If there will be a grass-roots Nuclear Deterrent Fund organized, we pledge to contribute.

Respectfully,
Edith and Robert Korn
New York, N.Y.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Here are the results of our poll about your ideas: Do you agree with William F. Buckley? Yes: 76 per cent. No: 15 per cent. No opinion: 9 per cent. That's very nice. Congratulations.

Cordially yours,
Mihai Dediu
President, Dediu Consulting Institute
Lakewood, Ohio

Dear Dr. Dediu: Your consulting institute is obviously successful three-quarters of the time. Congratulations,
—WFB

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* / Rothco

"Yes, but suppose it isn't *another election gimmick?"*

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GOP PLATFORM NOTES

THE CHAIRMAN of the Republican Platform Committee is Mississippi Congressman Trent Lott, a bright, well-trained lawyer who, like Mr. Reagan, is a former Democrat. Lott has already presided over five drafts of the Republican platform, keeping it about midway between the New Right and the Ripon Society and investing it with both a conservative thrust and gloss. Other big fish in the twenty-member platform working tank include Jack Kemp, Newt Gingrich, Vin Weber, Bobbi Fiedler, and Bob Walker, all of whom are members of the Conservative Opportunity Society (COS), an ad hoc group of Republican House members who contrive to get key national issues to the floor of the House for vote, score technical knockouts over Tip O'Neill (most recently on the C-Span issue), and convene at special gatherings to discuss all kinds of brainy, avant-garde ideas.

Most of what goes into the platform is under the control of the COS, with the exception of Defense, which is dominated by the Armed Services Committees and the Pentagon bureaucracy, both of which give short shrift to talk of military reform. The COS supports Ronald Reagan and believes itself to be closer to him "than those who want a vanilla convention or a vanilla platform." Certain underlying principles will be articulated in the platform, say the COSers, which will differentiate American conservatism under Reagan from the liberal welfare state of the Democrats, and then travel from these principles to what constitutes, say, supply-side economics, now working so well that French Socialists are talking about cutting taxes and denationalizing banks. The platform will also inquire how and why Jimmy Carter failed, and, finally, how far we have come under Mr. Reagan in getting Carter's trail of debris behind us—the same "America Is Back" theme punched out by Reagan surrogates at the late-June cross-country Reagan Roundup, as that political trek was dubbed by campaign director Ed Rollins.

If there are any big platform surprises, they will be in the areas of tax and monetary reform. Jack Kemp wants a plank calling for the gold standard, a reinstatement, he says, that would a) help reduce interest rates (mysteriously, Paul Volcker agrees), b) relieve the Third World debt crisis, and c) help cut deficits. Newt Gingrich, who does well at intellectualizing Kemp, is about to make the switch to gold himself. "A gold-based monetary system," says Gingrich, "would be less of a gamble than Paul Volcker's" —referring to the perceived erratic judgments of the Fed chairman in credit regulation. Gold supporters believe that the adoption of a gold standard would force policymakers to pay attention to signals coming from the marketplace, and alter their behavior accordingly. The 1980 platform did not endorse gold but called for a "stable monetary standard." This year, gold supporters will seek to append the words, "such as gold," and may succeed.

On tax reform, Republicans will stand for "a fair and simple tax," code-words for the Kemp-Kasten bill, a modified flat-tax proposal, which the COS adamantly favors.

Thus stated, it might seem that the COS was a monorail flatcar transporting the platform smoothly through the convention hurly-burly. But two other rails threaten to discombobulate things, the Ripon Society on one side and the New Right on the other. On June 19 Representative Jim Leach (R., Iowa), chairman of the Ripon Society, announced the formation of the Republican Mainstream Committee (RMC) to counter "the New Right in Republican politics." He called on the GOP to remember "its progressive traditions on issues ranging from arms control to civil rights, to environmental protection, and to the need for greater fiscal discipline."

On the New Right, Richard Viguerie and his colleagues want to be heard, too, but feel that Chairman Lott has shut them out. "The train has left the station with the doors locked and the windows closed," says Viguerie. Procedurally, Lott had been back-and-forthing a good deal, agrees Leach, but "recently Trent has committed to allowing our group to testify in Dallas." If so, Lott will be hard put to stonewall Viguerie, who wants strong planks on abortion, prayer in the schools, U.S.-Soviet trade, crime, pornography, and a 10 per cent flat tax.

WITH THE New Right on one flank and the RMC on the other, the COS becomes the center, reinforced in its middle position by its two points of reference. Were the New Right and the COS not in the equation, declares Leach, and "were I to redefine the party of Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, Robert Taft, and Barry Goldwater, you'd find me in the middle. Two tensions pull at American conservatism today," explains Leach. "One is the balanced budget *v.* tax-cut-at-all-costs tension. The other is individual rights *v.* socialized values," by which latter he means the attempt to add amendments opposing abortion and favoring state-sanctioned school prayer into the Constitution. Leach sees himself in the first category (individual rights and balanced budget), wherein he also finds Goldwater, Taft, et al.

Like Gingrich, Leach is an interesting and fresh thinker—which makes the larger point that the intellectual ferment now agitating and buoying up the Republican Party puts it out in front of the Democrats, whose ideas are stale, and whose allegiances stand for little except discrete fiefdoms of self-interest. □

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If *you* are one of the Bill Buckley fans who have asked: How can I get a copy of Buckley's *Up from Liberalism*?—here's your opportunity to finally get this famous book and save $14.00 in the bargain!

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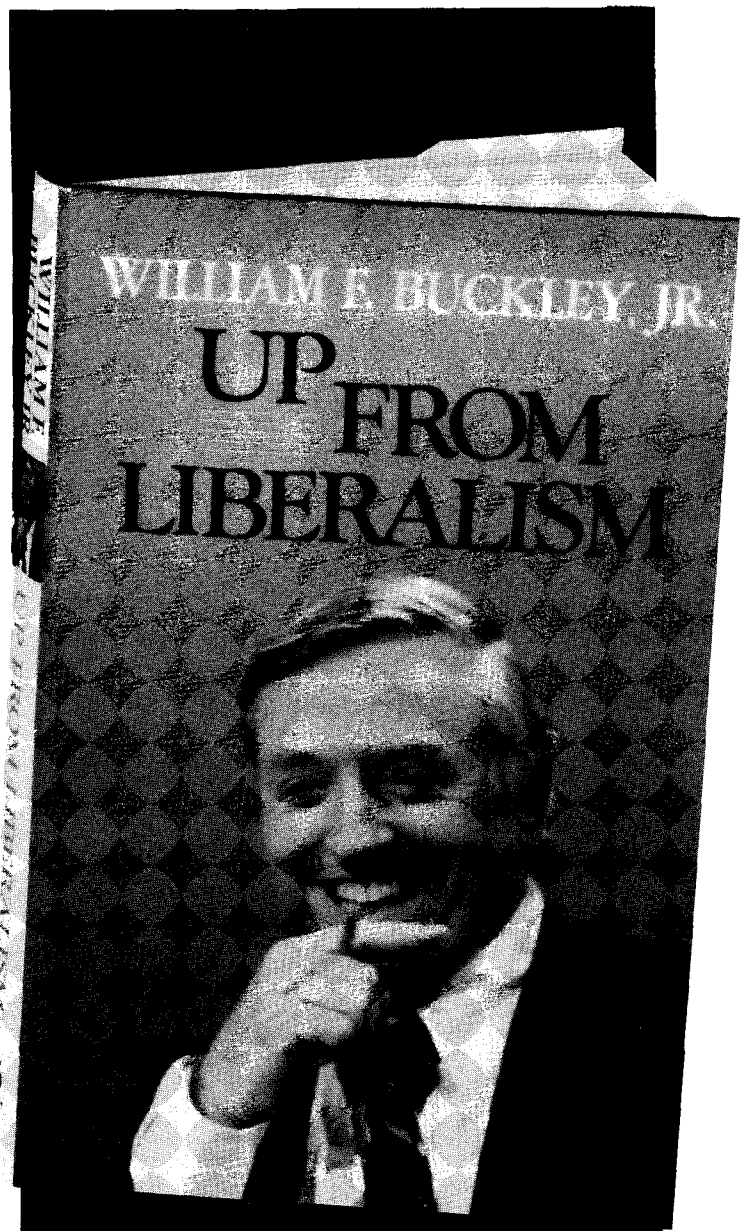

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MUDDLING THROUGH

BY AN ARRESTING coincidence, the world economic summit in London followed immediately on the celebrations, on the beaches of Normandy, of the fortieth anniversary of the D-Day landings. This enabled Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Reagan to do their bit on the beaches—along with President Mitterrand and others, including the outgoing Canadian Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau—and then come along to Lancaster House in London.

This sequence had its ironies and inspired some reflections on the principles of muddling through and the value of platitudes.

The ironies, first. What the wartime allies were celebrating in Normandy was of course the last phase in the defeat of Hitlerite Germany. Hitler was a "bad" German (actually, not even a German—an Austrian). Now, as everybody knows, Germany is run by good guys, not least Chancellor Kohl. Well, then, does one invite a "good" German to celebrate the defeat of the bad guys who ran Germany during the nightmare years of Nazism? Tempting, but not quite feasible. So in Normandy, Helmut Kohl had to be odd man out, welcome though he was at Lancaster House.

The other irony, I rather enjoyed. I was present in London's Carlton Gardens (along with two or three hundred others, including surviving British ambassadors to the French Republic and French ambassadors to the Court of St. James's) at a moving little ceremony. A plaque was unveiled to the memory of General de Gaulle, whose headquarters were right there. The Queen Mother did the unveiling.

Now there, you had a double irony. One lies in an anecdote that I did not include in my biography of de Gaulle, but which I could not forbear to whisper into selected ears during the ceremony. Upon learning where Churchill had decided to house him and his Free French team, de Gaulle exclaimed: "Ah, those English! They put me in a spot from which the only way out leads to Waterloo Place and Trafalgar Square." French historical memories are notoriously long.

The deeper irony is that, on Roosevelt's insistence, de Gaulle was rigorously excluded from the D-Day planning. He never forgot the slight, and in his years in power he always boycotted the D-Day celebrations. Mitterrand, however, was there this time, so Allied harmony was restored after all.

Allowing for the singularity of de Gaulle's wartime situation, the Western Allies were united on D-Day 1944 by awareness of a shared danger (there would have been no "glorious Soviet allies" if Hitler had not turned his forces against those of his friend, Stalin). The unity of the Western Alliance today is altogether more precarious.

There is NATO: indispensable, still, but united only on the proposition that should the Soviet Union invade Western Europe, NATO's forces (plus France's) would fight as one; far from united, however, on the precise definition of the Soviet threat and the need to do something about its nonmilitary aspects ("active measures" and so on).

There is also the European Economic Community (EEC). In London on June 12, ex-Chancellor Helmut Schmidt made an excellent speech in London's Guildhall. Britain and its European partners, he declared, could provide the world with the economic leadership it lacks if they stopped arguing about "ridiculous, parochial, third-rate matters" such as milk and butter quotas.

Agreed. But Helmut Schmidt can now allow himself the luxury of making hard-hitting speeches like that only because his Social Democratic Party has moved so far over to the pro-Soviet side that at its congress at Essen on May 21, he did not even bother to renew his candidacy as deputy chairman. Now the running of the party is left entirely to ex-Chancellor Willy Brandt, as party chairman, with, behind him, the distinctly sinister figure (in both senses of "sinister") of Egon Bahr. Under the combined pressure of Brandt/Bahr, the Social Democrats called for renunciation of nuclear deterrence, the creation of an atom-free zone in Europe, reduction of the budget for conventional defense, and a halt to NATO's rearmament. Soviet policies, point by point.

High Marks for Reagan

SEE WHAT I mean by "precarious"? These people could come back to power one day. If they did, without changing their present policies, I wouldn't give much for NATO's unity.

The same, exactly, is true of Britain's Labour Party under that ultimate lightweight, Neil Kinnock. As for France, the Alliance is at least lucky that in François Mitterrand it has a president who makes all the right noises on defense, even though he still shares the government with the Communists.

And this brings me back to the economic summit. Not one but three of the summiteers present were socialists (Mitterrand, Craxi of Italy, and Trudeau). One could hardly expect unity about either the causes or the remedies to the world's economic ills in such company. Hence the value of platitudes. Without them, an international conference such as this would end without an agreed communiqué; which would undoubtedly be a bad thing.

So the "free world's" leaders committed themselves to unexceptional sentiments, such as a dislike of unemployment, inflation, and high interest rates.

In general, the summit got a bad press. But in particular, Ronald Reagan was awarded pretty high marks. It is nice to be able to end on an upbeat note. □

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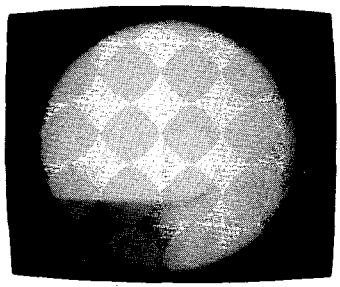
WFB makes it "A Piece of Cake!"



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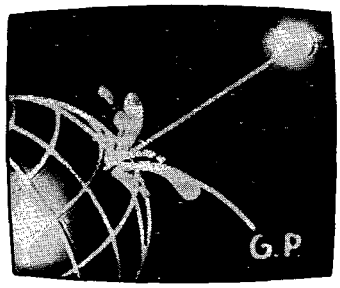

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SKIRMISHING OVER FAMILIES

NOW IS THE time when planks are hammered into platforms, and this year the Republicans would like to nail down some home truths about families: Intact ones are crucial to economic growth, indeed to economic health; low-income families in particular have been hurt by the inflation-eroded value of the personal income-tax exemption ($600 in 1948, $1,000 today); and large families and a growing population, far from being a drain on an economy, are its salvation.

There will be a politico-media skirmish over any attempt to help families by lowering their tax burdens, with the following line-up: Some Republicans (Representatives Trent Lott and Jack Kemp and Senator Bob Kasten, all members of the GOP Platform Committee) will try to force into the Republican platform a plank calling for an increased exemption for dependents. Democrats, expressing "concern" about the deficit, will advocate higher taxes on upper-income groups (which lower-income earners one day hope to join, of course). But they will avoid all reference to families. Homosexuals will receive more attention.

Policy-affecting media such as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* will oppose helping families on ostensibly "pragmatic" grounds: Raising the personal exemption will only re-ignite the deficit, thereby causing interest rates to rise. These media will wage a counter-campaign for a tax increase, trying to enlist the President's support by presenting it as a fait accompli. Indeed, such a campaign has already begun in the *Washington Post*. "Big Federal Tax Increase Is Deemed Likely in '85 No Matter Who's Elected" was the headline atop a David Hoffman article on June 24. (This no doubt came as a surprise to President Reagan, although perhaps not to some of his senior advisors.)

As for the "pragmatic" White House aides (read: James Baker and Richard Darman), they will hope that no specific tax proposals are included in the GOP platform. A "senior official" in the Administration was quoted in that *Washington Post* story as saying: "The argument is that being specific hurts you more than it helps you—and I buy that." Why so, if a politically popular idea like helping lower-income families is the specific proposal? Because it is the essence of pragmatism to subordinate ideas to power, and the Leslie Stahl-*Times-Post* combo is seen by the pragmatists as having more power than the electorate. Thus, if no specific ideas are included in the platform, then the editorial writers won't fire any guided missives at the White House, and the Reagan team will be free to hunker down on the fifty-yard line and hang onto its lead until the clock runs out in November. (Then, maybe, there should be a few judicious tax increases to keep the missile-writers happy a while longer.)

As for President Reagan, he said in a radio talk on Father's Day: "If that [exemption] had been indexed to keep pace with inflation, today you would be deducting more than $3,000 for every one of your children . . . Things *are* getting better for American families, but much remains to be done. That's why the Treasury Department is making greater tax fairness and greater tax incentives for families a central consideration in the tax-reform proposals they are developing." This Treasury study is due to be completed in December.

Family as Energizer

A SPECIFIC DEFENSE of the family's role in successful economies was a long time in coming. Indeed, political economists denigrated the institution before anyone thought to defend it. (The same seems to have been true of the institution of private property itself.) Both Adam Smith and David Ricardo seem to have taken both property rights and the "nuclear" family for granted. In *The Wealth of Nations* Smith pre-echoes Ricardo's coeval Thomas Malthus with some anecdotal observations about the effects of poverty on family size (deleterious), without considering the effect of family structure on poverty, or on the creation of wealth.

By the mid-nineteenth century we find both family and property coming under fierce attack from Marx and Engels, who jeered in the *Communist Manifesto* at "bourgeois claptrap about the family." It would "vanish as a matter of course once its complement [i.e., private property] vanishes."

In the papal encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (1891), Pope Leo XIII explicitly defended both family and property against the socialist assault. "Setting aside the parent and introducing the providence of the state," Leo wrote, would "open the door to envy," and in the long run "the sources of wealth would themselves run dry, for no one would have any interest in exercising his talents or his industry."

The Austrian economists and their libertarian offspring have not paid much attention to the family, an institution that of course imposes considerable constraints on individual liberty. Friedrich Hayek in *The Constitution of Liberty* does recognize that the family is a key mechanism for the transmission and continued dispersal of property (keeping it out of state hands), and Ludwig von Mises in *Socialism* correctly saw in the early 1920s that the assault on the family waged in the name of feminism was the "spiritual child of socialism." But neither saw the family as energizing the husband by linking his children's fate to his efforts.

Most modern textbooks fail to mention the family. It is not listed, for example, in the index to Paul Samuel-

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son's *Economics*. The paternal sense of responsibility is an unquantifiable thing, and as such of no interest to present-day academic economists. No one knows how to draw a "responsibility curve," and so economists pretend that responsibility is not a relevant economic variable. For Maynard Keynes economic actors were as interchangeable as are atoms to the physicist. Hence he showed no interest in the family. In 1973 J. K. Galbraith undoubtedly spoke for much of his profession when he wrote that the family, while it "retains other purposes," is "no longer an economic necessity." His position was thereby congruent with that of socialists through the ages.

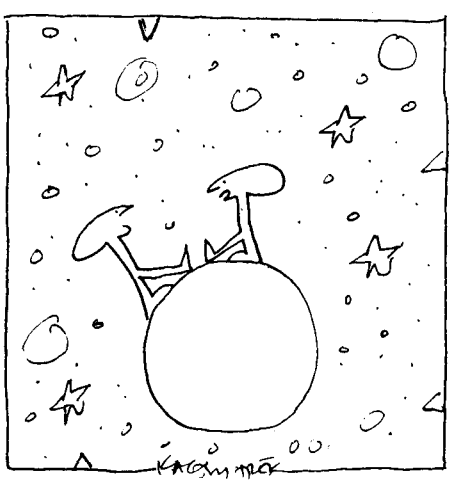
In the same year, however, George Gilder published *Sexual Suicide*, setting forth the argument that the family extends the time horizon of the provider (male) away from the "moving present" and out into the future, enabling him to endure daily labor and forgone consumption for the benefit of his children. Gilder gives credit in *Sexual Suicide* to the British demographer E. A. Wrigley, who argued that the nuclear family made the Industrial Revolution possible—not vice versa. (In turn it was undoubtedly Christian doctrine that laid the groundwork for both the traditional family and the creation of property rights. The latter, occurring only in the seventeenth century, was clearly the indispensable forerunner of the Industrial Revolution in the eighteenth.)

More recently Michael Novak, Thomas Sowell (partially), and Christopher Lasch (backhandedly) have stressed the economic importance of families, but to Gilder should perhaps go the principal credit. "I think it's fair to say I did set forth the mechanisms explaining how families motivate men to work," says Gilder. "I worked that out in detail." (Incidentally, *Sexual Suicide* is now out of print as a direct result of feminist pressure on New York publishers. But a *samizdat* version is soon to be published in New Orleans.)

From Gilder it is but a short step to his friend and onetime co-author Bruce Chapman, recently director of the Census Bureau, and thence another short step to the Oval Office: Today Chapman is a deputy assistant to the President. He has played an important role in advancing pro-family ideas within the Reagan Administration. In an interview with *Family Protection Report*, edited by Connie Marshner, Chapman says that he first brought up the family within the Administration as a "fairness issue"—the polemical rubric under which Reagan has been accused of hurting blacks, women, and the poor.

"When you consider what is happening in society," Chapman said, "each of those groups is getting better off in many respects, but when you look at families that does not pertain." The Federal Government has in fact subsidized family breakup, in particular by providing welfare benefits for "teenage girls who want to leave their own homes," Chapman said. "Almost unique among nations, the U.S. Government will provide them with a ticket out of their unhappy home life into a subsidized existence somewhere else."

Chapman and aides to Jack Kemp stress that any increase in the exemption for dependents should be considered in conjunction with a reduction in the top income-tax rate. This in turn would reduce the effectiveness, hence the attraction, of loopholes. The Kemp-Kasten proposal would lower the top rate to 25 per cent (a flat rate), which would divert an enormous amount of money that had flowed out through loopholes into tax-sheltered pools and eddies back into the productive (and taxable) income stream. And with such a tax code the underground economy would virtually cease to exist. The revenue forgone by raising the exemption (to $2,000 per dependent, in the Kemp-Kasten proposal) would be far smaller than will surely be projected by the static estimates of David Stockman of OMB and Rudy Penner of the Congressional Budget Office.



"We seem to be going in circles."

"Under this simple tax proposal," a recent Kemp memo notes, "a family of four pays no tax on its first $14,375 of income, compared to less than $9,000 under present law." In fact, present law is so counterproductive that a family with income $2,500 below the poverty level is taxed at 10 per cent of that income.

Hit the Decks

One of the first shots in the Family Skirmish was fired on June 22. It was one of those dreaded *Washington Post* editorials, droning its way purposefully like a paper cruise missile to the West Wing. It expressed a clever concern for the political well-being of those who would propose such deficit-widening changes as increased family exemptions in an election year. Such reformers "will now have to figure out . . . whose taxes to increase to pay for it," the newspaper cautioned. And this, in turn (a little threat here), "will generate protest." Concluding appeal to all men of moderation: "These are not the kinds of issues that politicians deal with very usefully right before an election." (Decoded message: It's urgent to stop the Republicans getting *this* idea onto the agenda before the whole country gets behind the Gipper.)

In any event, you can be sure that air-raid warden Baker, stationed alertly on the White House roof (he was wearing one of those World War II warden helmets, and he had a little swagger stick under his arm), spotted the ominous missive headed in his direction, and that he had enough time to reach for the copper voice pipe. "Hunker in the bunker!" he shouted. "Editorial missile approaching from *Washington Post* building!" Down below all hands promptly hid beneath their desks, and for a period there was a deathly silence.

Finally it became clear that there would be no explosion, and the dangerous moment passed. Someone—possibly it was Petty Officer Darman—said in a nervous voice: "Only four more months, and the clock runs out . . ." For Warden Baker on watch, it would be a scary time. There would inevitably be more missiles coming in from New York, in addition to the bombardment from Kay Grahamland, and goodness knows what the conservatives would be up to. □

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SOMETHING OLD AND SOMETHING NEW

THE ONLY POLITICAL analyst I know of who predicted that Walter Mondale's fortunes would reach the low estate they reached on March 10 in Plains, Georgia, was Helen Miller, who was NATIONAL REVIEW's switchboard operator. She bet me $5, back in January, that the winner of the Democratic nomination would be Gary Hart; what's more, she picked Hart to win the New Hampshire primary. "When times are bad," she explained her defiance of all the experts, "people want a little change in their lives."

The experts were wrong, she was right. In hindsight, the spitball question, the one that slipped through the blind spot in Mondale's zone, was posed by Hart in the Des Moines debate on February 11. On what, if anything, he asked the front-runner, have you ever disagreed with organized labor? "I'm a candidate they can trust, not one they can run," was all Mondale could reply. A few days later, seemingly after arduous thought, he came up with a pair of programs—the Clinch River breeder, Simpson-Mazzoli—that labor supported and he opposed. Too late. His slowness didn't hurt him in Iowa, a caucus state where a strong union apparat marched out the troops. But in New Hampshire, thin on unions and full of cussedness, the image of Mondale as goods bought and paid for looked less attractive; and although times haven't been particularly bad in the Granite State, the voters there always like a little change in their lives.

For two weeks after the New Hampshire primary, nothing went right for Walter Mondale. He lost the Maine caucuses on a Sunday, and the Vermont beauty contest on a Tuesday. The Wyoming caucuses went heavily against him that Saturday. Sober folk gave Hart a chance of sweeping Super Tuesday.

Mondale was down to his last assets: the black mayor of Birmingham; the unions of the Alabama industrial belt; and the 39th President of the United States.

A speakers' platform and a high-school band were parked across Plains's main street. The peach blossoms were bursting, birds sang like hinges. Each sunny surface was in spring, but in the shadows winter lingered. Mondale and his sometime boss came to the rally on foot. Down-home gear was part of the Carter style. Mondale prefers suits and tightly cinched ties, but for the occasion he had donned blue jeans and a black cardigan.

The Carter Administration, by the end of its tenure, was held in about the same esteem as Buchanan's. What benefit could Mondale wring from that disastrous association? The lieutenant governor of Georgia, introducing Mondale's introducer, gave a clue: History, he said, would record that Carter made a great President, but "more than anything else, to those of us who were born and lived in the South, he gave a sense of pride." Appomattox, after all these years. And Mondale was rallying the Confederates.

Jimmy Carter, for his part, praised him generously. Mondale, in the period of his pre-New Hampshire omnipotence, had handled the Carter record with some delicacy, stressing his experience as an active Vice President high in the nation's counsels, yet ducking attempts to pin unpopular decisions on him by asserting that he had always counseled against them. Now was no time for finicking. "When I searched for peace," Carter said earnestly, "Fritz Mondale was tha. When I sat across the table from Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin and plotted our strategy on SALT II, Fritz Mondale was tha. . . ." The list was long, and included increases in defense spending and plans to reduce the deficit.

"I can tell you from experience the White House is not a place to go to school. I don't know the theory of politics. I've been involved in it. [The Carter Presidency in a nutshell.] We're looking at the futah of our country."

The crowd of two or three hundred applauded, still proud of the local boy. (Two older ladies beside me had earlier discussed his term and his character. ". . . *they* said, we got to get that evil man out 'fth' White House. Well. Jim Carter was a Christian." "Yes." "Jim Carter was a good man.") Mondale spoke last.

"We need a President who understands justice in America, who understands when people are hurting, when people are old, when people are unemployed, when people are sick, when people are handicapped . . ." A pause; had he run out of unfortunates? ". . . Who understands when people need a President who understands and cares for them.

"I'm a people's Democrat. Nothing fancy. No new hair spray." He spoke warningly of Washington, where there were "the finest-dressed lobbyists you've ever seen in your life," wearing "the sweetest perfume you ever smelled. You need a President who remembers who sent him there."

He touched on the Reagan tax cuts, which he criticized for returning more money to those who paid more: "enough to give the rich a new Lincoln a year; enough to give the average American scarcely a hubcap." His father, he finished, had been a minister, his mother a music teacher. "They were good Americans, good friends. They're being forgotten. Give me the chance to carry that struggle for what you believe to the nomination and to the White House."

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Balloons rose, fireworks shot (interrupting the benediction of a black Baptist minister), then the Carterites partook of a barbecue. At a Hardee's in nearby Americus, one of the band members reported on the event to his family.

"Get a crowd?"

"Yeah. Hart'll tear him up."

HART DID tear him up, come Super Tuesday, but not in sufficiently small pieces, for though Hart won Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Florida, Mondale took Alabama and narrowly won Georgia. He also began his rhetorical counterattack in the Atlanta debate on March 11. Hart had mentioned "entrepreneurs," when Mondale jumped in. "What's new about entrepreneurs? When I hear you say those new ideas, I'm reminded of that ad, 'Where's the beef?'" Mondale had never seen the ad (it was described to him by supporters), but millions of Americans, many of them old enough to vote, had. Hart lost the Michigan caucuses and the Illinois primary.

Five days before the New York primary, he was scheduled to appear at a party at the Red Parrot in Manhattan.

Discos haven't been at the cutting edge for three or four years. (I don't know where the cutting edge is now. I would have said punk, but I overheard a young man at a book party speaking of a "post-punk sensibility.") Hart was late, and a live band, Girls' Night Out, took up the slack. The lead girl wore a black tank top, a short leather skirt, and pink stockings; some of the others ran to glitter. The room stretched back, long and low, in the manner of converted industrial space. A red and gold parrot hung on the wall, and a few live ones huddled solemnly in huge plastic cages. Young men in red neckties moved about, sweeping up litter.

Hart, wincing in the glare of publicity for the first time, had proved to be an inept campaigner. His two newest ideas, one of his own flacks joked, were his name and his age. He mired himself needlessly in the slough of Chicago politics before the Illinois primary. When the campaign shifted to New York, he joined Mondale in an unseemly scuffle for arcane pro-Israel brownie points. Murray Kempton put it harshly, but not unfairly: Jesse Jackson called New York City Hymietown; Hart and Mondale treated it as if it were.

Hart had complaints of his own. Here he had spent months in the wilderness discussing ideas and issues; he had even assembled a book; now all people seemed to want to talk about was trivia. In part, he was mistaken. Some voters responded very directly to his issues: union members, for example. Hart had voted against the Chrysler bailout, and there went Michigan. He had proposed, it is true, a worker retraining scheme. But the union demonstrators who carried signs (machine lettered and mass produced) saying, "We Can't All Be Computer Programmers," did not only fear unemployment; they also feared change. They did not want just any job; they wanted to keep theirs. (The unions that produced the signs also wanted them kept in their old slots.)

The band played "He's So Fine" and "Leader of the Pack." *Is that Gary's ring you're wearing? Yeah, I'll be wearing it for the next four years.* The crowd danced. They had the look of young lawyers at play, unwinding after a hard day of antitrust. Outside, it had begun snowing and sleeting; the candidate's estimated time of arrival kept getting pushed back.

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There was another problem with Hart's new ideas, suggested by Mondale's hamburger question: There was no new integrating idea behind them. A pinch of maneuver warfare, a dash of reindustrialization, all might be welcome, but was there anything else? There was indeed, but it was mainstream Democratic fare, which Mondale could expound at least as vigorously as his rival, once he began treating the primaries as an election rather than a coronation.

An hour and a half late, Lee Hart arrived and took to the dance floor. Cameras swarmed around; mere yuppies sat down. It is all rather horrible, the way would-be First Relatives are expected to perform. But I reflected that she had made the bargain willingly. A starlet sang "New York, New York," that hymn of Big Apple bumptiousness. It was announced that Hart would be another half-hour late. Reporters have some self-respect, so I left.

MONDALE WON again, in New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri. By the time of the Texas caucuses, he was back in full stride.

The Rio Grande valley had gone three months without rain. Leafless dead palm trees lined the road like giant Q-Tips. The little town of Donna produced a big crowd—five thousand, the organizers said; maybe half that in fact. They were all having a blast. There were balloons, streamers, piñatas, mariachi bands. The governor of New Mexico said it reminded him of a good, old-fashioned rally in his home state. To say nothing of Old Mexico.

The fat sun declined, but the temperature stayed in the high nineties. Mondale compromised to the extent of removing his jacket; the tie flew at full mast.

"Tomorrow is Cinco de Mayo." The caucuses fell on May 5, a Mexican patriotic holiday. "That means independence and freedom. [What about Cuatro de Julio?] Tomorrow let's go to those caucuses and declare independence and freedom from Ronald Reagan, Reaganomics, Reagan's foreign policy, Reagan's unemployment, and Reagan's disregard for the problems of this valley and its needs."

Reagan, Mondale noted, had flown to Dallas recently. "He talked to rich people. He should have come to Donna. That's what a President's supposed to do, help Americans when they're in need.

"I'm no stranger to Texas and the valley. You know me, and I know you. I know what you need, I know what you're saying, I know what you want for your children and your family. We'll get on with the work of our nation's business—to help the people of this country."

This was beef. The band played "On Broadway." A Secret Service agent hooked an arm around Mondale's midsection, and, thus supported, Mondale leaned off the speakers' platform, grabbing hands two at a time.

THE CONTENDERS met in the home stretch—the serious contenders: Jackson stayed away—at a party to raise funds to retire George McGovern's campaign debt, held in the sculpture garden (the lawn, to you) of a longtime McGovern supporter in Brentwood, just across the San Diego Freeway from Beverly Hills.

Jacarandas dripped purple petals. Reporters questioned the debarking famous (I recognized only O. J. Simpson and Hugh Hefner, but I have deficient celebrity awareness). A pair of neighbors, perhaps Republicans, stared at the incoming Cadillacs and Mercedeses.

The theme was unity, made necessary by the fact that Hart, after suffering a fifth major loss in Texas, had bounced back with victories in Ohio and Indiana. It also suited the persona that George McGovern has crafted for himself.

Hart spoke first. "This country is in dire circumstances"—he hadn't known how dire until he saw recently a bumpersticker, "Cap Weinberger for President / Let's Get It Over With." He joked awkwardly about Mondale and his host's wealth, but perked up again at the thought of Reagan. "When was the last time a President owned more tuxedos than books?" Mondale joked more amiably. Reagan sobered him. "Under his leadership this world is becoming far more divided and dangerous."

The host then introduced the guest of honor. McGovern's nickname this year among some of the cameramen was "McGoo." He has come to look a little like the cartoon character as he has gotten older. But there are personal resemblances as well. Mr. McGoo was always stumbling blindly into disasters—gaping manholes, collapsing bridges—from which, however, he emerged unharmed by the force of sheer benignity. It may be hard for those who remember the canting righteousness of his run for President to believe, but McGovern has graduated to avuncularity.

He loves it. "This year, I come in third in Iowa, and everyone says, Isn't George wonderful? I tie for fourth in New Hampshire, and everyone says, Isn't he a great statesman?" Any permutation of the remaining candidates would suit him as a ticket, or one that included a woman (*applause*). "My main goal is the defeat of Ronald Reagan. The enemy is not Gary Hart's position on nuclear build-down, but the virtual collapse of Soviet-American relations, to the most dangerous position since fifty years ago. The enemy is not Fritz Mondale's delegate committees; the enemy is Reaganomics" and unfair taxes. "The enemy is not Jesse Jackson's view of Israel, but a President on the verge of taking us into war in Nicaragua and El Salvador.

"Now praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."

FIVE DAYS later was the last Tuesday, on which Hart won California, but Mondale won New Jersey, and in all likelihood the nomination. He won it on domestic issues. Curiously, both his and Hart's most fundamental criticisms of each other were correct. Mondale is a loyal servant of special interests, but because Hart was not, he had no beef. It's a subtle question, how much the original New Deal represented a new ethic of social concern, and how much an elevation of machine politics after the pattern of Tammany Hall to the national level. Certainly by now, the New Deal/Great Society has become a game of favorites: necessarily so, for benefits cannot be infinite, and some beneficiaries must be selected. Does Walter Mondale understand this? It would probably hobble him if he did. He lives it, which makes better politics.

In matters of foreign policy, the Democrats have experienced, not an evolution or a mutation, but a break whose sources, personal and intellectual, go back more than thirty years. In 1948, young George McGovern attended the Progressive Party convention as a delegate from Illinois. At the same time, an even younger Walter Mon-

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dale was a spear-carrier in the fight to throw the Progressives out of the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party. The Progressive movement was an instrument of the American Communist Party, that is to say, of Stalin. But what attracted McGovern to it then was its vision, taken at face value, of America's posture in the world—a posture of retreat, or as McGovern put it in his memoirs, of "restraint and reason." For Walter Mondale, who over the last 15 years has opposed virtually every weapons system and supported every arms treaty, however unwise; who denounced the rescue of Grenada, and judges his worst mistake to have been his tardiness in denouncing the defense of South Vietnam—for him, the question is, Who has moved toward whom?

FOUR DAYS before the California primary, Gary Hart stopped in San José on the way to San Francisco, to be questioned by a panel of honor students from local high schools.

Reporters ask about the news, and sound like idiots. The students asked what was on their minds, and sounded like Socrates.

Guns or schoolbooks? A woman Vice President? What would you do "right now" in case of a war in the Gulf? "That's a very good and very important question," which Hart answered by describing what we should have done three years ago—develop solar power and practice conservation.

Then there was a question concerning human rights; the peg was Andrei Sakharov.

Hart gave a long answer. "We have a lot of work to do on human rights in this country. . . . Before we can preach human rights abroad, we have to live it at home." He cited the plights of poor people, women, and the elderly. "I've been critical of the Democratic Party," he went on, which "shuts people out." As for foreign policy, he criticized "dictators of the Right and Left," specifying Marcos and Somoza, South Korea and South Africa. He promised that in a Hart Administration "so-called allies" would be obliged to "liberate and liberalize" their systems. A long answer—and not one syllable about Sakharov.

It would be wrong to make too much of this. But it would also be wrong to make nothing. The worst pitches are the fat slow ones a batter doesn't swing at. Hart didn't even waggle. He could have plugged détente and quiet diplomacy, as Henry Kissinger would have done ten years ago; he could have blamed Reagan for incensing the Russians, as Anthony Lewis does now. Hart cares about Sakharov—because every decent man does, and Hart is a decent man. But at the end of a long campaign, on the third stop of the day, with two more to go, the brain switches to automatic pilot. And Gary Hart's automatic pilot not only did not steer him in the direction of the most famous inmate of the world's largest jail, it swerved him away. You could have smelled the burning rubber in Los Angeles.

Like every party after a long tough internecine fight, the Democrats will soon emerge into strange, new territory—the real world, where it will be seen how watered-down Henry Wallace and pumped-up Plunkitt of Tammany Hall do. □

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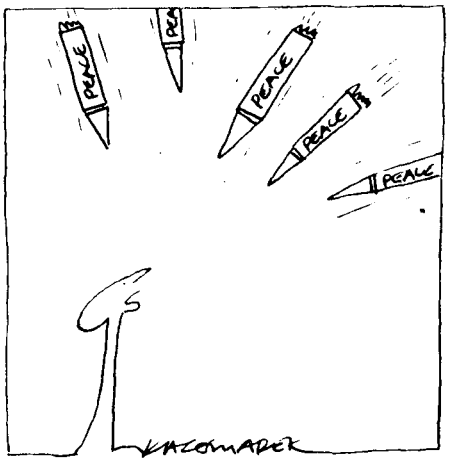
CONFRONTATIONS OF THE THIRD KIND

CONVERSATIONS I have had in recent weeks with some of President Reagan's top World War III strategists lead me to suspect that the President in fact has a clear understanding of the current nature of international terrorism, even though (perhaps because he believes he cannot expect a sympathetic hearing from the media) he has not discussed the matter in detail in any of his public statements. There are two points that are basic to this understanding: first, that international terrorism is now just that, an international complex of terrorist campaigns which, although perhaps not directed or even instigated by the Soviets, could not exist without their "orchestration" and support. Second, that international terrorism is not simply laying the groundwork for World War III, nor is it the Soviets' substitute for it. International terrorism *is* their World War III.

In our protracted conflict with the Soviets, there are three scenarios, three possible types of confrontation. Of these, the chances of a nuclear war—a "Confrontation of the First Kind"—have been reduced to an irreducible minimum. They cannot be reduced to zero, because what has been invented cannot be uninvented. But the fact is, deterrence has worked, and it will no doubt continue to work. Our side certainly isn't going to start a nuclear war, and the Soviets want the kind of war they can win.

Our Kremlinologists assure us that the Soviets are as convinced as we are that no one can win a full-scale nuclear war. They would consider "limited nuclear warfare" only under certain conditions that could result from unilateral disarmament in parts of Europe. But, according to their "think-tank" papers (available in French, German, or English to anyone interested enough to pay $1,200 a year for them), their thoughts of nuclear war only go so far as a bit of harmless contingency planning. Besides keeping up their side of the deterrence stalemate, their efforts under this heading are concentrated on psychological warfare designed to provoke in Western populations an irrational fear of a nuclear holocaust such as would lead us to choose an irrational way of preventing it.

Despite their growing superiority in conventional weaponry, meanwhile, the Soviets are far from sanguine about their chances of winning a "Confrontation of the Second Kind," conventional warfare. Although the Warsaw Pact armies are better armed, gun for gun and tank for tank, than the NATO armies, motivation and morale are low. The Soviet high command fears that if war does break out in Europe, satellite armies will "go slow," desert, or actually stage revolts that Soviet forces couldn't put down except at an unacceptable cost to their prestige and credibility. The Soviets put on impressive May Day parades, but the unpublished fact is that their forces are now equipped, trained, and used mainly for domestic purposes, and are putting increased emphasis on "counter-revolutionary activity."



"I wonder if this reflects a change in U.S. foreign policy."

Crazy-Quilt War

THE CLEAR inference to be drawn from all this is that there will be no nuclear war; that a conventional war fought along the lines of World Wars I and II is only slightly less improbable; and that the real danger to Western civilization is a general war that is no more than a loosely but effectively coordinated complex of regional conflicts. This crazy-quilt World War III will afford the Soviets maximum opportunity to use their extraordinary abilities for unconventional warfare ("Confrontations of the Third Kind"), which they believe to be best suited to their objective of driving us out of the Third World.

Naturally, the terrorism that is to be a part of this strategy will be enhanced by up-to-date weaponry specially devised to lift their activity from the level of local mischief to that of critical blows to our vital parts. Unless we shift our attention away from gunboats and toward suitable counter-terrorism defenses, they may well *win* such a war before the publics of the Western nations realize it is being fought. For example, those gunboats that President Reagan just sent to the Persian Gulf may keep open the Strait of Hormuz, which no one has any serious intention of closing, but they will not prevent KGB-supported Shia saboteurs, of whatever nationality, from using the Iran-Iraq war as a cloak for destroying the oil installations, thereby

Mr. Copeland is the author of The Game of Nations: The Amorality of Power Politics. *Of his knowledge of terrorists, he says: "For someone who is not one of them, I have probably talked to more real live terrorists than any living American."*

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making Western Europe dependent on Soviet largesse for energy supplies for the next six months.

The German and Japanese strategists of World War II thought purely in terms of pitting their military forces against ours, with little attention to the subtleties of psychological warfare. The Soviets, however, following the wisdom of Lenin, are drawing the conflict into a pattern that casts us in the role of the Bad Guys and themselves in the role of the Good Guys. Their carefully chosen points of ignition are regional but expandable wars in the Third World that pit poor but valiant "movements of national liberation" against bullying "American capitalists, tools of the multinational corporations." On the actual battleground, the Soviets do not enter the fray themselves but leave it to proxies ("freedom fighters," etc.) while we send our high-profile uniformed armies, thereby giving the Soviets just the psychological-warfare ammunition they need.

All along, the Soviets have boasted that their most powerful weapon is not the atomic bomb, but their ability to turn regional conflicts to their own ends, harnessing the energies of individuals and groups who can be inspired to hate the United States for reasons not necessarily having anything to do with Communism or with the Soviets themselves.

Just look at the aid an aspiring young group of terrorists can get from the Soviets if they will only play useful parts in the orchestra. For one thing, they can swap targets in the manner of the wife-murderers in Alfred Hitchcock's *Crossfire*. But more importantly, they can enjoy the benefits of the assistance a Great Power can give, while, in many cases, remaining indifferent to, or oblivious of, the fact that it is the KGB that is behind them. For example, they can get:

—*High-grade documentation*, far superior to the crude forgeries they have been used to up until now.

—*Escape facilities*, including "tunnels" (protected escape routes), safe houses (hideouts), third-country havens (e.g., Cuba, Libya).

—*Intelligence* on prospective targets.

—*Financial support*, although not so much in the form of funds supplied directly as in the form of support for "fund-raising campaigns" (kidnapping, extortion, bank robbery, etc.).

—*Equipment* that, in technological terms, is far superior to what is supplied to conventional forces.

—*Coordination* (or "orchestration," as the KGB calls it) such as can be provided only by a major government having international administrative and communications facilities.

The Second Prong

All this is accompanied by the second prong of the Soviet effort, a vigorous campaign waged in the West to exploit misguided civil-liberties unions, human-rights zealots, "peace" movements, and other anti-anti-Communist and counter-counter-terrorist movements of influence that will hamper the efforts of the police and security agencies. The terrorists can count on our own media, of course, to give them the widespread publicity that is the key to their effectiveness.

From our side of the fence, it seems apparent that this second prong can only be deflected by fostering public awareness and indignation. We must remember, however, that indignation does not win battles. Battles are won by fighters who are fiercely determined but who are also unemotional, clear-thinking, and objective as they contemplate both the enemy's intentions, motivations, and capabilities and their own capacity for dealing with them. Here are some of the perspectives we need in fighting the Third World War:

International terrorism is a *strategic* problem requiring a strategic response. Although the battles are local in motivation and nature, they are part of a war that has been internationally systematized. Locally, the police and security agencies must do what the government expects of them, but unless there is at the same time an assault on the orchestration, they will only be rounding up the pushers (to use an analogy to the drug trade) and letting the kingpins go. Although the Soviets' strategy is one of exploitation, rather than act-by-act instigation, the acts could not take place except as part of an overall pattern conceived by the Soviets. Thus, it is to the Soviet orchestration, rather than to individual groups of terrorists, that our strategists should direct their attention.

We must also remember that the purpose of terrorism is terror—that is, irrational response. Unlike other forms of warfare, terrorism does not aim to kill its true targets. They stay alive—terrified, and prone to react irrationally. For example, the victim of, say, an assassination is usually chosen not because the killer or his masters want him personally out of the way but because he belongs to a large category of people, the rest of whom will say to themselves, "It could have been me."

It is natural—and, of course, desirable—that the general public find terrorism more despicable than other forms of killing and oppose stooping to the terrorists' level in an effort to combat them. At the same time we must realize that, like it or not, we are in a war for survival which is not fought according to rules that we make, or rules that could be established and enforced through some Geneva convention. In what I have called Confrontations of the Third Kind, the only rule is that you must break the conventional rules, as the Soviets have known all along. We don't have to go down to their level, but, at least, we must devise means of combat and defense that take into account what their level is.

War on the Cheap

Those whose job it is to deal with terrorism must view it as coolly and professionally as generals involved in a war. After all, seen in the context of *war*, how immoral is terrorism? It involves killing innocent civilians. Well, to the terrorist, most of the people he kills are not so innocent, and, anyway, all kinds of war involve killing innocent people, and Confrontations of the First and Second Kinds kill hundreds of times more. The inescapable fact is that terrorism provides more impact for less killing than any other form of warfare; it is the cheapest form of warfare going.

Although the mere suggestion may cause Senator Church to turn over in his grave, combatting terrorism effectively will involve reviving "the old CIA" and getting Congress off its back. When Frank Church said, "If the only way we can be saved is by the dirty tricks of the CIA, then we don't deserve to be saved," he was right in spirit, but not in practice. As is the case in any kind of war, we intend to save ourselves whether we deserve it or not. It happens that only the CIA's old-time professionals knew how to

(Continues on page 53)

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1. Freedom From Stain Worries:

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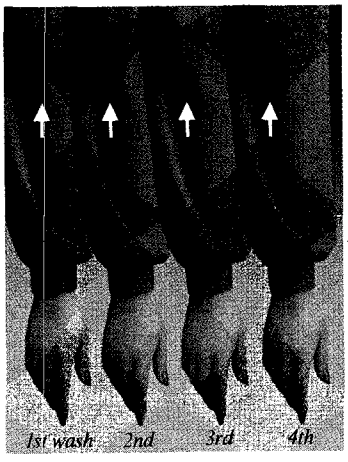
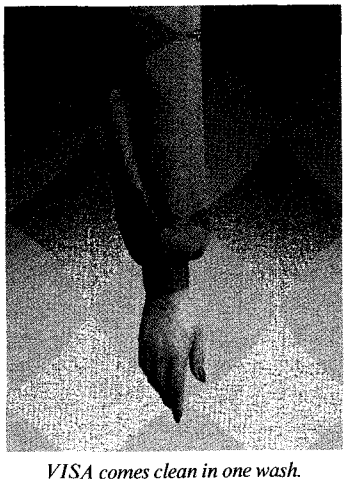


Ordinary fabrics



VISA comes clean in one wash.

2. Freedom From Dingy Grayness:

You know how some of your white clothing looks dull after you've washed it? How colors don't quite look their brightest? That's because many fabrics actually "pick up" dirt from the wash water. But not VISA. Because VISA does not attract oily dirt, your "dingy" problems are over. A blouse or anything made of VISA comes out looking its brightest.

3. Freedom To Be Comfortable:

In hot weather, especially, many fabrics can feel hot and sticky on your skin. Actually uncomfortable. The reason is that these fabrics trap your skin's natural moisture and odors. Give you that "clammy," not-fresh feeling. But VISA "moves" the moisture

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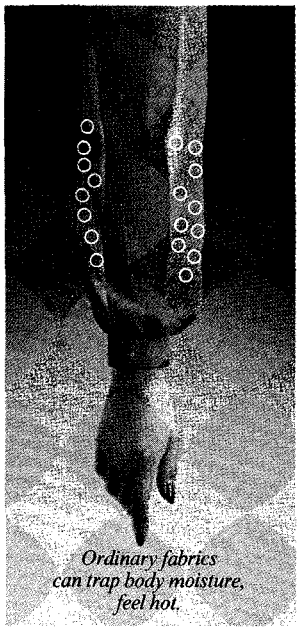
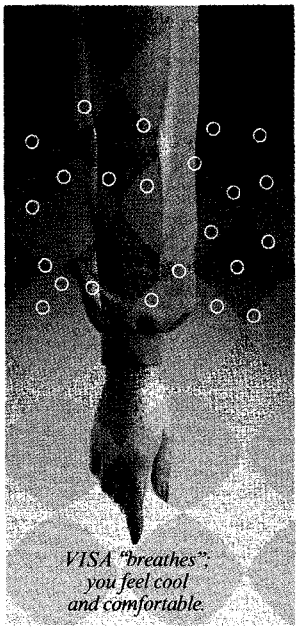
away from the skin...with all the comfort and wonderful wearability you could ever want. The result? With VISA, you feel cool and fresh.



Ordinary fabrics can trap body moisture, feel hot.



VISA "breathes"; you feel cool and comfortable.

4. Freedom From Wear And Care:

The truth is, not every fabric can stand up to the wear and tear of everyday living or stay its best after repeated washings. And some fabrics simply need a lot of attention to keep looking good. But VISA is made to wear longer, look brighter and fresher longer. It even releases wrinkles and will hold its shape beautifully...wash after wash.

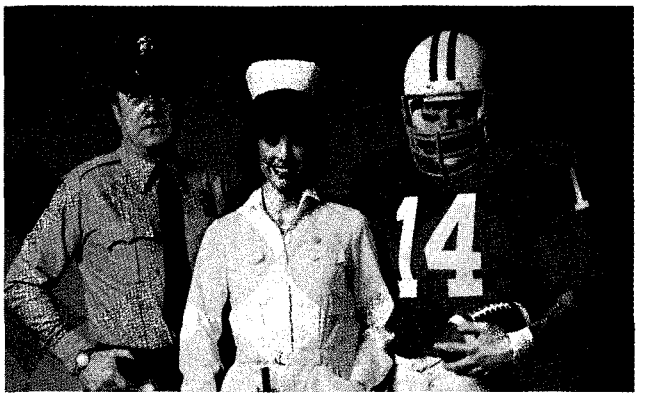
5. Freedom To Save Money:

One of the real pluses VISA gives you is its marvelous machine washability. Imagine not having to spend all that money for dry cleaning. Today, that can be a real saving. Then, too, things made of VISA not only last longer, they look newer longer, as well. After all, the longer things last, the less often you have to replace them.

6. Freedom Of Choice:

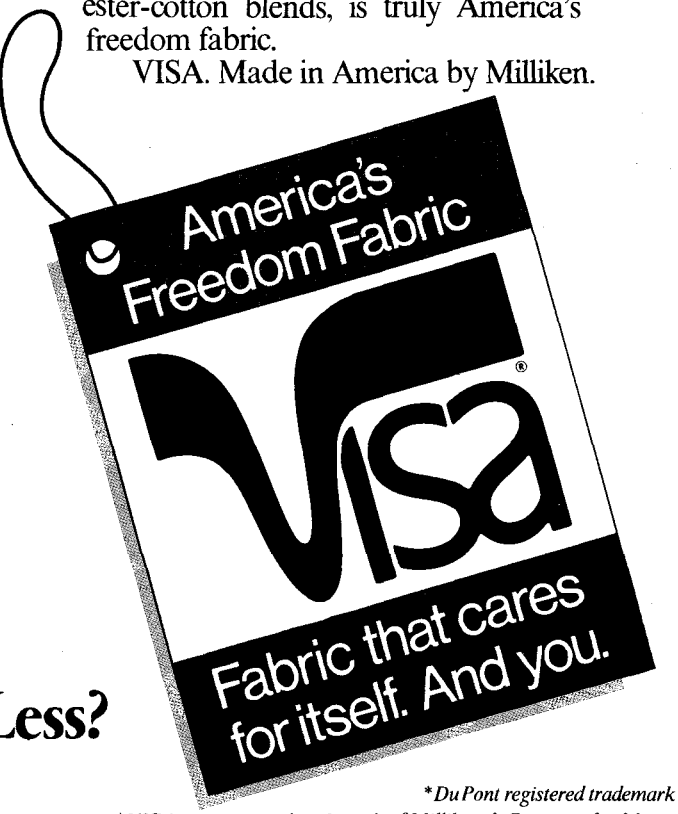
Now, you can surround yourself with a whole world of high-performance VISA products. From family apparel to on-the-job or sports uniforms to sneakers to fashions for your home. Count on VISA to give you the ease and comfort you want.

Why not discover the fantastic freedom of VISA for yourself? Just look for the VISA tag where you shop. And once you've tried it, you'll know why VISA, made of



DACRON*polyester and DACRON polyester-cotton blends, is truly America's freedom fabric.

VISA. Made in America by Milliken.



Why Settle For Anything Less?

**Du Pont registered trademark*

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HOLDING THE LAMP

AT THE END of the CBS evening news on June 5, Walter Cronkite showed an American veteran kneeling at a comrade's grave in Normandy, scattering soil from the dead man's birthplace on the grave, promising the "son of a gun" he would return once more before he died himself. I have seen nothing more moving.

June 6 is an emotional hazard for those of the vintage. There were other dates and places, and I arrived late at the European theater anyway, seeing nothing at sea of the infantry and the artillery and the unsung engineers. But from 1940 the coast of France had been the beckoning line, the symbol of necessary return. Nothing like June 6 in Normandy brings home so hard the passing of the fine young men who saved our civilization.

We unite in paying them homage because we know they were the liberators of the century. We do not unite even today in respecting the dead in South Vietnam, in part because of our civilian dishonor.

The war in South Vietnam will probably always divide us, although it might not always be clear why Western Europe deserved self-determination and Southeast Asia did not. What should not be at issue is the disgrace of our departure from Vietnam.

By 1974 South Vietnam had established a credible capacity for survival if we assumed a supply role. President Nixon said we would, but Congress cut off the funds, resolving the outcome in favor of the Soviet-supplied North Vietnamese. South Vietnam was executed by the Congress of the United States. The 55,000 American dead were deserted by their elected representatives.

The consequent diaspora of some two million Vietnamese and the Communist slaughter of four million Cambodians—a mere six million dominoes—are not the final cost of our broken trust. The legislatures and universities and back rooms of other countries—most critically in Solidarity Poland and among Khomeini's intended victims and on both the Left and the Right in Central America—echo the legend of the United States as quitter.

We seldom learn of such foreboding from the American press, or from a scholarly literature more concerned with the frailty of friends than the malevolence of enemies, or from an emerging minority foreign policy hard to distinguish from Fidel Castro's.

One is therefore privileged nowadays to be in classrooms of a rejuvenating spirit. Nothing much is heard of shame or apology. There are no trumpeters or jingoes, and pity the instructor who glorifies the gun or waves the flag, but nothing brings such pin-drop attention to the benches as student talk of national purpose and personal duty. One experiences less unease about the legacy we have left the young. The Republic might have a stronger bodyguard in the wings.

THE ELEMENTARY fact is that no nation will survive if its young men and women will not stand up for it. The less palatable fact is that the United States has a special charge to bear. By power and constitutional tradition it is the chief resource, the central armory, of freedom.

We have to choose to hold the lamp. On the merits of that ask the Solidarity Poles, ask the Israelis and the Arabs of the Gulf, ask the Miskito Indians huddled by the Nicaraguan border, above all ask the young in any land where they can speak. The unfree and the endangered have nowhere to turn but the United States.

It is not easy to write such things, since they are intellectually unfashionable, but it is necessary to write them, since the choke points of American security might be closing, placing enormous burdens on the young.

Another uprising in Poland could set Eastern Europe on fire and send the Russian tanks into the West. An anti-Western coup in Saudi Arabia could drive Europe and Japan into the Soviet embrace. A collapse to the revolutionary Left in Central America might topple Mexico, and through tidal emigration northward end the writ of the United States in the Pacific Southwest.

It is not a safe world for the young. One hopes that, in the lively performance of their duties, they will fare better in public appreciation than did the dead in South Vietnam. Poor thanks *they* got: in war, Jane Fonda's mounting, to liberal-chic applause, of a Communist gun in North Vietnam (what if Betty Grable had visited wartime Germany and inspected the gas chambers at Auschwitz?); in peace, a black memorial destined to commemorate defeat.

The dead in Normandy fare better. On June 6 they got the President of the United States on the cliffs at the Pointe du Hoc, making even Rangers stand a little straighter than before. What they seem to have in good and lasting measure is the gratitude of a civilization for their saving grace. They deserve all the Last Posts we can sound, all the flowers and the signals and the Presidents we can send, to assure them of remembrance in our time and far beyond. As Laurence Binyon said:

They shall not grow old, as we that
are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the
years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and
in the morning
We will remember them. □

Mr. Hutchinson is a professor of industrial relations at the Graduate School of Management at UCLA. He served in the British Navy from 1939 to 1946, and patrolled the Dutch and Belgian coasts during the Allied advance toward Germany.

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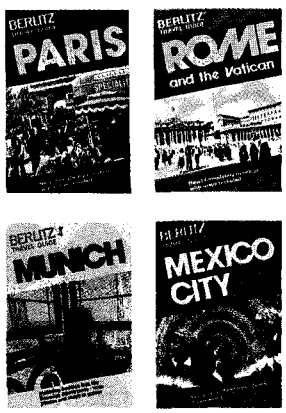

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A FABLE / JOHN KEEFAUVER

THE LITTLE POLITICIAN WHO GREW, UNFORTUNATELY

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little politician who wanted so badly to be big and looked up to that when he received in the mail a free sample pill from Be a Big Politician, Inc., that guaranteed to make him bigger overnight, he swallowed it on the spot.

And, sure enough, the next morning he found that he had grown a fraction of an inch. Quickly he reread the accompanying letter. It emphasized that the pill guaranteed only a fraction of an inch of growth, and that it was experimental and therefore was offered on a one-at-a-time basis only. The pills were priced at 99 cents each, "so that you, sir, an up-and-coming but possibly impoverished politician, may have a better chance to be a leader of our great country."

He instantly mailed the company a check, and when the pill came he swallowed it as quickly as he had the first one. And the following morning he discovered that he was indeed another half-inch bigger. He lost no time in ordering another pill.

So it began. As each pill came from Be a Big Politician, Inc., he happily gulped it down, woke up the following morning a fraction of an inch bigger, and, sending off his 99-cent check, ordered another one.

But after downing a number of pills he was still the smallest politician in town, and nobody was looking up to him. So he wrote the firm a letter in which he said that although he appreciated its professional caution and concern, he'd like to order a dozen pills. Back, though, came only one pill with a bill for 99 cents and a letter to the effect that the company, because of "ethical considerations," still preferred to send him only one pill at a time.

Mr. Keefauver is a freelance writer who lives in Carmel, California.

As the days went on, and the elections drew nearer, the little politician was alarmed and angered at how slowly he was growing. Finally, he became so desperate that he sent a $100 check to Be a Big Politician, Inc., with a request that they send him "a lot" of their pills. Back, though, came only the usual—one pill, along with a check for $99.01 and another letter. However, this letter said the pill enclosed was "dramatically advanced" from the others he had bought and, though it had been "exhaustively tested," it should be taken with "utmost caution."

He popped it into his mouth before he'd even finished reading the letter.

The next morning he was almost six inches bigger. And even though his clothes didn't fit now, he spent most of the day walking the town's streets, being looked up to for the first time in his political life.

The morning after that, his feet were sticking out over the foot of his bed. And as he ate breakfast (almost twice the amount he usually ate) he felt—and did he also hear?—a stretching. He measured himself again. He was now a fraction of an inch over seven feet.

He went to sleep on the floor that night and woke up before dawn with his head touching the wall. When he measured himself by lying on the floor and using a yardstick, he was 8 feet, ½ inch.

When he tried to phone Be a Big Politician, Inc., there was no number listed for them.

S-t-r-e-t-c-h: 8 feet, 10¼ inches.

So he sent a telegram to the company. "Help! Send me something to make me smaller! I'm too big now to be looked up to . . ."

S-t-r-e-t-c-h: 9 feet, 7¾ inches.

". . . much less to be voted for."

He woke up the next day to find himself 10 feet, 11 inches tall.

That afternoon—at 12 feet, 9 inches—he received a special-delivery letter from Be a Big Politician, Inc. After expressing their distress at his growth problem, they wrote that they were enclosing a pill guaranteed to set him on "the road to being a smaller man."

As soon as he saw the part about the enclosed pill, he stopped reading, found the pill, and swallowed it, then continued reading the letter. They had written the same cautionary advice as in the previous letters. However, they added that because of the gravity of his condition they were offering him the new shortening pills in lots of ten.

BEFORE LOOKING at the order form enclosed, the politician, feeling what he thought was a s-h-r-i-n-k, lay down on the floor to measure himself. Sure enough, he'd lost a quarter of an inch. He decided to lie there a while and then measure himself again to see if he'd lost any more. But even if he hadn't, he thought as he became drowsy, feeling relaxed for the first time in days, he could order more pills. And in lots of ten now.

It was dark when he awakened from his nap. He measured himself immediately and was disappointed when he found he hadn't lost any more bigness. He was still 12 feet, 8¾ inches. So he reached for the order form, got a pen, and happily started to fill it in.

That was when he read that the price of each shortening pill was $999.99, and that he *must* buy them in minimum lots of ten.

MORAL: When little politicians start taking pills to get bigger, it won't be long before big ones start taking them to get even bigger, thereby in time making every politician in the land so big that we'll all have to try to look up to each and every one of them, unfortunately. □

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THE GIFT OF GAB

ONCE, long years ago, a gentleman visited me in jail—for I had an office, then, in what had formerly been a village jailhouse—for the purpose of launching a certain venture. During the course of our talk the name of a brother journalist came up, a man whose brain seemed to me rather on the thin side, a brain airy, light, full of trills and sudden high notes. I remarked that I had always thought of him as a sort of soprano intellectual.

That stopped the conversation. The gentleman's eyes grew wide, his jaw sagged, he stared at me in what I took to be a confusion of delight and disbelief, and, upon regaining his voice, he exclaimed, "Did you just make that up, right now?"

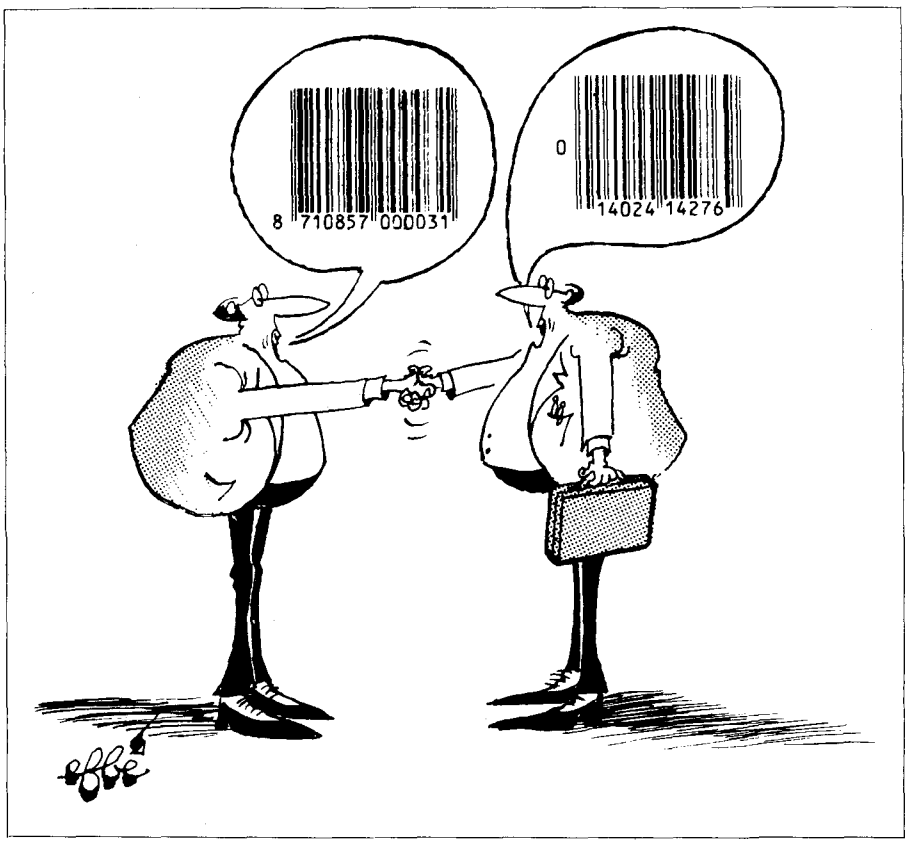
I confessed I had, and I filed the incident in my memory as yet one more instance of the neglect with which most people treat the only language they will use all their lives—the neglect, and also the delight that can spring from a happy cultivation of this hardy perennial of ours, this English.

As you step forth into what is not quite truthfully called The Great World, much seems uncertain to you, and it is uncertain; but there are certainties as well, and I beg your indulgence if I turn these few minutes to the happy work of urging you to meet one certainty head on, embrace it well, and make it grow and become yours always. It is of course the certainty that you will spend your days and nights with this English—yes, nights, for unless you are a linguist of special stamp you will dream only in English. And I will tell you why you should do this, why you should work to acquire an effortless and wholly personal mastery of extemporaneous speech; and then how you can do this.

As to why, there are reasons three. The goal is practical, the result is beautiful, the reward is truth.

That the goal is practical I have learned very well from experience in war, commerce, and society. As an Air Force pilot my life depended on the spoken word. It had to be clear and brief, and it could not be ambiguous. More than once, thanks to my lifelong interest in language, I caught the controller on the ground issuing ambiguous orders, sometimes to other aircraft than mine, and I never hesitated to get on the horn and make sure everyone understood exactly what was being said. Perhaps I saved a few lives. In commerce it is obvious that your ability to speak well has a lot to do with your becoming the chairman of a meeting or a company. If you can write a business letter that has just one sentence that sparkles, to show that you're a real live being, that you enjoy your work, that you share your joy with your business associates—or the man to whom you're trying to make a sale—you will stand out from the crowd of Dear-Sir-Yours-of-the-15th-received people. A sensitive ear for the language will help you, also, in puzzling out the truth when others speak.

Early in May the head of the Continental Bank, in Chicago, denounced rumors that the bank was in trouble. He said the rumors were utterly false and the rumormongers irresponsible, and he threatened to sue. I told a friend immediately that the statement meant the bank was busted, because if it had been sound, the man would have laughed at the hack journalists and invited them to examine the accounts. As you know, the bank had to



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Commencement Address at the Wichita Collegiate School, Wichita, Kansas, June 3.

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turn to Washington for a bailout. In society there is no doubt that a bright and pleasing way of speaking is a potent weapon in the genial warfare of courtship and marriage, not to mention the uses of the gift of gab in bamboozling the children. In politics—the larger society—he who blushes and stammers never wins the chance to go to Washington and become a scoundrel. In one of the smaller social delights, the writing of a personal letter, is there any reason to flinch from the challenge of making it special? When you write home from college, really think about what you say; in doing so, you pay a great compliment to your reader, for he feels that you have made a special effort. Will you say "Dear Mom and Dad"? Why not "Dearest"? Or "Sunday evening greetings from your ever-lovin' Herkimer"? Erasmus once showed 150 different ways to say, in Latin, "I was glad to receive your letter."

Beauty and Truth

THE SECOND reason for continuing to polish your language is that it can yield beauty, and beauty is delight, and to find delight in what surrounds us all the days of our lives is to live splendidly in one's soul. I had a friend who wrote to me about his garden once, describing kale. "The kale," he said, "carries its green leaf into winter like a flag into battle." I was charmed that he would pause to fashion such a perfect sentence for my poor eyes alone. A week later he wrote again. "I have been thinking about what I wrote," he said. "Look what a difference it makes if you reverse just two words: The kale carries its leaf green into winter like a flag into battle." For such gifts there is nothing to offer but gratitude.

I have been talking chiefly about your production of language, but in the beauty business there's a double whammy: As you increase your scope and depth, you will increase your enjoyment of the endless treasure of our literature. You will become a knowing and fulfilled consumer of the language at its very best. And you need never be without this pleasure. The India-paper edition of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* runs 1,141 pages and fits in my jacket pocket. You may eventually do what many of us do, and memorize your favorite Psalms and poems and prose passages, so that, waiting in line somewhere, or stuck on a bus or plane that's too dark or bumpy for reading, you just pick up the phone in your brain and dial old Keats or Shelley and ask him to talk to you for a while in the best cadences the language can offer.

As to truth, the third and greatest reason for mastering language, truth is desirable, as are the practical and the delightful, but beyond them truth is also necessary to the living of an honorable life, and the locus of truth is language. Grown men innocent of English will utter much nonsense and think it wisdom; nay, they will say what they do not intend, and hotly defend their incoherencies. These same flabby brains can be imposed upon by every mountebank, sophister, and political quack who comes down the pike, simply because, unable to speak truth, they cannot identify untruth. In this business, words are the little angels who bring the glad tidings; so the first duty is to learn the words. I mean learn the *real* word. Emerson said all language is metaphor, and as usual the Boston Booby was almost right. We speak of something's being "in the offing," but who knows what an offing is? Of being "in a quandary," but who knows the original meaning of the Icelandic ancestor of that word? Do you think "person" and "human being" are interchangeable? Not if you know that "person" is a mask worn on stage. Work down into the bedrock of the language, and you will never fool yourself, nor fool others unintentionally, nor be fooled.

Improvise, Improvise

FINALLY, HOW can you acquire the extemporaneous mastery that makes all the difference to yourself and others? We can do no better than follow Chesterfield's advice given, in 1749, in a letter to his boy:

> Do you not suffer, when people accost you in a stammering or hesitant manner, in an untuneful voice, with false accents and cadences; puzzling and blundering through solecisms, barbarisms, and vulgarisms; misplacing even their bad words, and inverting all method? Does this not prejudice you against their matter . . . nay, even against their persons? . . . On the other hand, do you not feel yourself inclined, prepossessed, nay, even engaged in favor of those who address you in the direct contrary manner? The effects of a correct and adorned style, of method and perspicuity, are incredible toward persuasion; they often supply the want of reason and argument; but when used in support of reason and argument, they are irresistible. . . . Do not neglect your style, whatever language you speak in, or whomever you speak to, were it your footman. Seek always for the best words and the happiest expressions you can find. Do not content yourself with being barely understood, but adorn your thoughts, and dress them as you would your person; which, however well proportioned it might be, it would be very improper and indecent to exhibit naked, or even worse dressed than people of your sort are. . . . Tune your tongue early to persuasion; and let no jarring, dissonant accents ever fall from it. Contract an habit of speaking well, upon every occasion, and neglect yourself in no one.

In musical training, especially on the Continent, the art of improvisation has always been an important part of the curriculum. The graduate of any conservatory is expected to be able to take a short melody and construct immediately, at the piano or pipe organ, a chorale prelude and an intricate fugue. These are usually bad pieces of music, but only because most musicians are untalented composers anyway. Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Beethoven could all sit down and invent, and perform, on the spur of the moment, before an audience, truly glorious music.

The same exercise offers itself in language. Talk to yourself one day in limericks, another day in iambics, again in quatrains, next in heroic couplets. Improvise a sonnet when you have nothing better to do and have already recited everything you've memorized. All of this will be bad verse, probably, because the Muse does not create a Shakespeare every day. But the goal, remember, is not glory and fame and stunning achievement, but simply a certain fluency and readiness and colorfulness and unashamed individualism in your spoken and written word. And you will discover that you're called upon to speak at meetings; that the apple of your eye says, yes, let's go on a date; that you have learned how to find, in this ocean of linguistic pollution in which we daily drown, those few pure drops of decency and delight that make everything sing.

So I bid you Godspeech, and Godspeed. □

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RECONCILIATION AND THE RUSSIANS

On June 6, in Normandy, President Reagan extended a hand of reconciliation toward the Soviet Union. That was a noble, useful, and humane act. It clearly has religious warrant. But there are dangers in it.

Thinking clearly about the Soviet Union is a big step toward developing a long-term strategy. The United States desperately needs such a strategy. But the wrong way to construct one is to try to place oneself in the Soviets' shoes. Other leaders cannot easily penetrate the way the Soviet elite thinks. However, Soviet propaganda counts on our doing so.

This propaganda offers two false clues. The first is that the Soviets suffered twenty million casualties during World War II. While stirring immense and justifiable sympathy, this clue misleads. Since 1917, the Soviet leadership has for political reasons put to death at least three times that number of its own citizens. Solzhenitsyn puts the figure at 65 million.

The second false clue is that Soviet leaders are paranoid about defending the Russian homeland, because Russians can never forget invasions from the West by Napoleon and Hitler. This clue also misleads: No external army today is equipped to contemplate an invasion of the Soviet Union. NATO forces are barely prepared for defense; offensive operations are out of the question. The underdeveloped, under-equipped Chinese cannot plausibly threaten the advanced technology of the Soviet Red Army.

The Soviets like to picture themselves as paranoid. Cold-eyed calculation of the correlation of forces—their long-practiced principle—does not permit paranoia. Their own navies now operate on every ocean, and the Red Army as a whole can project force on every continent. In their configuration and order of battle, Soviet forces have for years been offensive, not defensive. If Soviet leaders suffer from an emotional disorder (a most dubious diagnosis), the proper name for it cannot be paranoia. Megalomania, perhaps.

In short, if the Soviet leadership were in fact to desire reconciliation, it can hardly be because the deaths of so many of their people sadden them or because they face an array of offensive forces. And Soviet leaders have three motives for *not* desiring reconciliation. First, they are unfortunately saddled with an economic system so poorly designed that it condemns them to perpetual inferiority. Unable to inspire their people by economic performance, they must seek other sources of motivation, including artificially induced fear. Second, by their deepest convictions, Soviet leaders must regard capitalism as "an evil empire," destined to yield its place in history to socialism by the laws of history itself. Apart from a belief in their historical inevitability, Soviet actions have no justification. Third, the leaders of the Communist Party, the KGB, and the Red Army form a privileged aristocracy, whose position rests neither on love nor on liberty, and certainly not on the consent of the governed, but on total control.

Thus, sadly, the Soviet leadership necessarily regards the West as an infection, from which their people must be quarantined. Reconciliation with the West cannot at present be considered.

And yet . . . A government of lies cannot stand forever. The human spirit is by no means dead among the Russian people. Immensely impressive virtues of honesty and courage still thrive. If it were solely a matter of reconciliation with the Russian people, reconciliation would be easy.

Those who must be drawn into reconciliation are a smaller elite—perhaps as many as two million, perhaps just a few score thousand. How does one persuade a totalitarian elite that its future, and that of its people, may have a more attractive shape? Perhaps there are some in that elite who already recognize that Marxism-Leninism is a dead faith. Perhaps there are some ready to imagine a new future.

Long-term strategies begin with dreams. The problem to be solved is how to weaken the tight grip of an oppressive elite upon the vitalities of an immensely talented people. More accurately put, it is to change the dreams, the ways of thinking, and the ambitions of that elite. Is it not possible—barely possible—that some of them might dream of a Russia given to commerce and to industry, to the arts and to free scholarship, to the pursuit of virtue, and to cooperation with other nations in the development of resource-rich Siberia—indeed, the development of all the world?

A home and a garage for every family; a car in every garage. Is that so bad? The United States would be delighted to invest capital and know-how, friendship and cooperation, in a more open and more liberal Russia. We seek a return to the moral values of honesty, truth, fraternity, and reconciliation that Judaism and Christianity together bequeathed to Russia a thousand years ago.

My father used to say that if you dream, you might as well dream big—and then take the first small steps. The first of those steps is to state what an American President dreams that Russians everywhere might some day dream. □

I deeply regret that in my column of June 29 I falsely attributed to Monsignor John J. Egan of Chicago a column in the National Catholic Reporter *(May 18) written by Father John P. Egan. This error is all the worse because I have the highest admiration for Monsignor John J. Egan; I apologize to him and to Father John P. Egan.*

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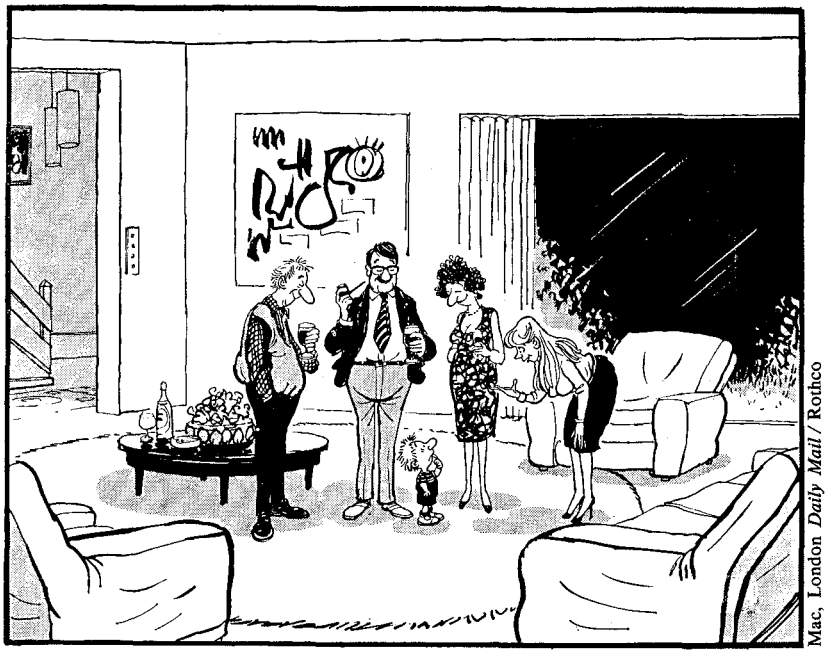
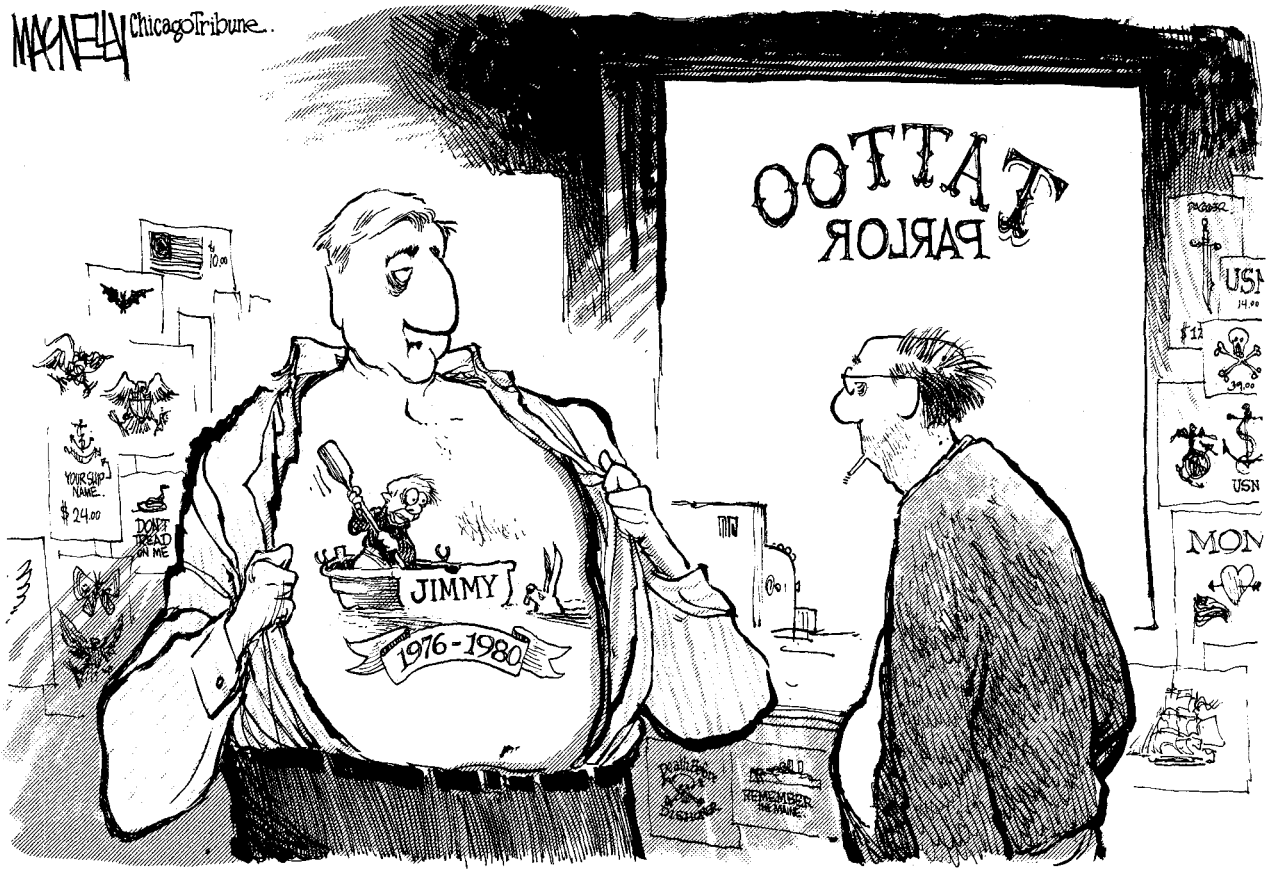
help !!!!



Mac, London *Daily Mail* / Rothco

"No, no—I'm Mummy, this is Biological Mummy, this is Donor Daddy, and that's Daddy."



"ANY WAY YOU CAN MAKE THIS A CLIPPER SHIP?"

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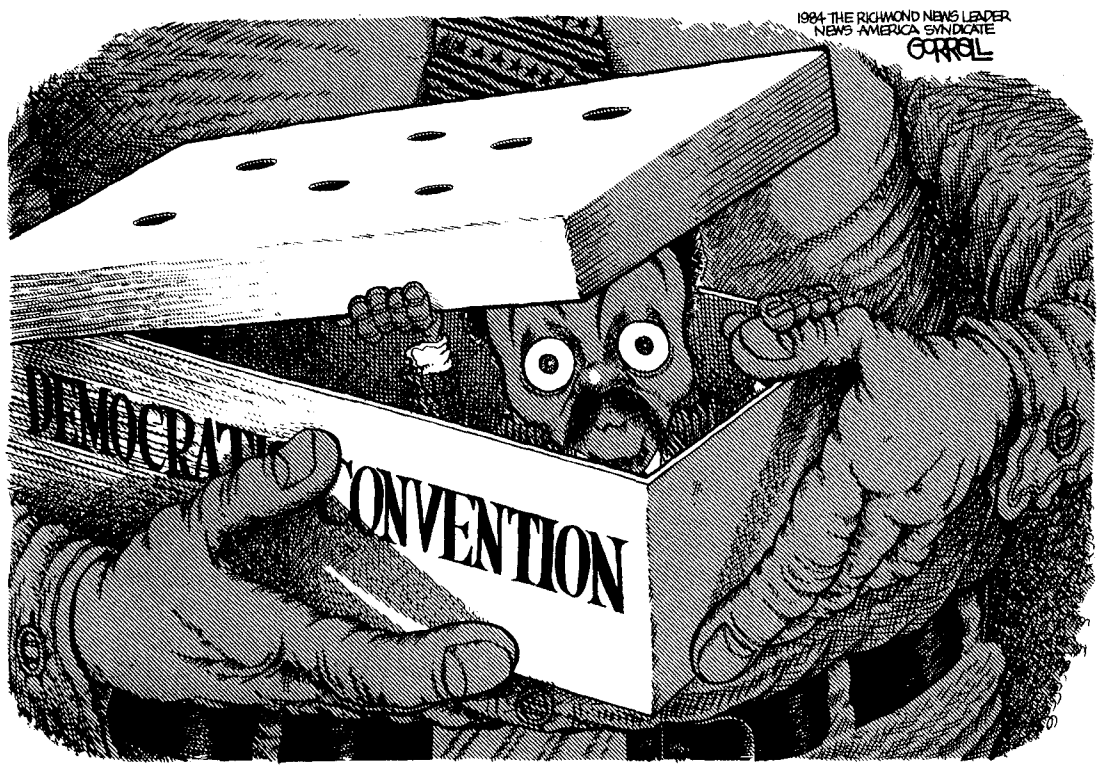


Gremlin

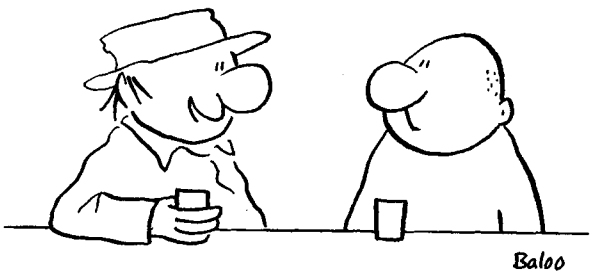
The Democrats' Conscience

Like the sloth hanging limp from a willow
While observing a tortoise pass by,
Who advises the creature to hurry
Lest it fry in the heat of July,
George McGovern exhorts Walter Mondale
To project "stirring visions," but he
Has a problem projecting one finger
As, some say, does the sloth in the tree.

W. H. von Dreele

"You do realize, in a nuclear holocaust we'll only have four minutes to generate a spirit of wartime bonhomie."

Banx, *Punch* / Rothco



"I'm kind of sentimental about this bar—I boycotted the Olympics here."

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THE STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY

A SIGNIFICANT change is taking place in the German Democratic Republic. At first glance the change in the GDR (known to foreigners as East Germany, although many Germans refer to it as Central Germany—East Germany being the areas ceded to Poland) might seem relatively harmless; some observers in the West might even view it as salutary. But to those familiar with the political, historical, and ideological nature of the GDR, the evolution is ominous.

A German proverb says that he who masters history owns the future, and the Communist rulers are trying to master the history not only of their own territory but of all Germany. Until the early Fifties, the rulers of the GDR treated the German past as something wholly evil. Feudalism, monarchism, bourgeois democracy, and National Socialism were all prehistory, recorded time not beginning until the great victory of socialism in part of Germany. But in the early Fifties the attitude of the GDR's rulers began to change.

One of the first signs of this was when they began to distinguish between reactionary and progressive currents. In the 1960s, the GDR decided that the wars of liberation against Napoleon were an acceptable part of Germany's past, and in 1964 the statues of outstanding Prussian generals from Blücher to Scharnhorst returned to Unter den Linden, Communist Berlin's Fifth Avenue. The crowning event was the recent restoration of the monument of Frederick II.

Whatever remains of the real Prussia (excluding what is now in Poland) lies in the GDR. In 1945 it was the policy of the Western Allies to eradicate and destroy Prussia once and forever. Today, the German Federal Republic (West Germany) is, by and large, a "deprussianized" Germany where the National Socialist memory is still a not entirely healed wound.

After 1945 this Germany was heavily subjected to American "re-education" of a liberal-left nature. The traditional family, patriarchal rule, classical education, respect for order, loyalty, patriotism, national feelings, military traditions—all this was ridiculed and attacked. Then, suddenly, the policies of the Western occupying powers began to change. West Germany, the whipping boy, was asked to become the shield of menaced Europe. It had to resist Communism intellectually, ideologically, politically, and, last but not least, militarily.

In the Soviet occupation zone, later known as the German Democratic Republic, a completely different process took place. The Germans there exchanged one totalitarianism for another, going from National Socialism to International Socialism. While racism was discredited in this part of Germany, nationalism was not. West Germany had a Bundeswehr (Federal Defense Force), but East Germany had a National Volksarmee (National People's Army). Obedience, cooperation, patriotism, discipline—the Teutonic virtues that had served the Nazis so well—were now writ large.

WHAT ABOUT national reunion? The GDR has made its terms very simple: It can take place any time. All the Federal Republic has to do is submit to the GDR, which, after all, is the more "progressive" of the two. And if the Poles continue to misbehave, a good slice of their western gains from 1945 could be given either to the "national" GDR or to a reunited Germany. The trump cards are all in Moscow's hands.

In previous years, West Germans with strong national feelings—there is nothing wrong with them intrinsically, is there?—might have frowned on such an offer. The GDR, while cultivating certain German traits that were of use to it, had neglected—indeed rejected—German history. But now things are changing and changing quite rapidly. Last year came the greatest surprise, the rehabilitation of Martin Luther, who was in no way a man of the Left. Luther, the arch-conservative "slave of princes," replaced Thomas Münzer, the radical heretic and peasant leader whom, up to 1982, the GDR hailed as "the Great Reformer." Today, even Bismarck is no longer regarded as a monster in East Berlin (he is, after all, the father of the modern welfare state). However, this does not mean the GDR is being converted to anything like a free-market economy, or to the ideals of personal liberty, freedom of speech, or a free press.

Germany (more correctly: the Germanies) has always suffered from divisions, which were geographical, tribal, historical, and religious in character. Only since 1949 have we had a country called Germany (Deutschland), and only since 1871 had there been a German Empire (Deutsches Reich). Between 1815 and 1866 there was the German League and before 1806 the Holy Roman Empire. Prior to the rise of the Nazis there was no German citizenship; there were Bavarian ministers in Berlin and Saxon ministers in Munich, and so forth. Up to 1920, Bavaria had its own postage stamps. But for all this, there was—and still is—a German national feeling. Whoever has seen the ghastly walls between the two Germanies will realize what reunification would mean to the Germans. Herein lies the potency of the message the GDR is subtly sending to the West. It suggests that east of the walls and the death-strips, German national feeling is vigorously alive. Could not the GDR, the message goes, provide all those nice Germans suffering under the capitalist Bonn government with the real thing that Hitler proved unable to give them: genuine National Socialism? □

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THE FRIEDMAN PROBLEM

William F. Rickenbacker

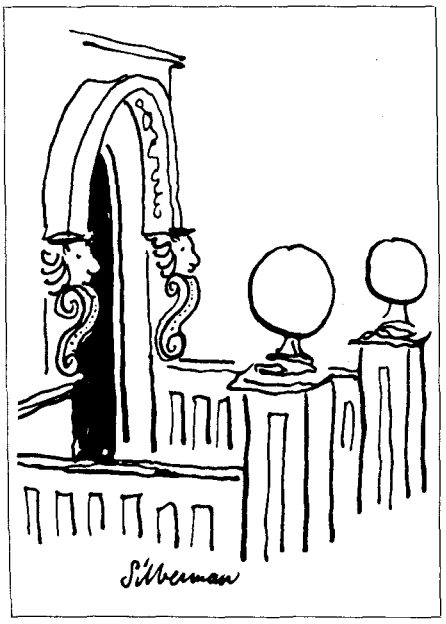
Tyranny of the Status Quo, by Milton and Rose Friedman (Harcourt, Brace, 182 pp., $10.95)

HERE'S ANOTHER short and spicy message from the ever gallant, charming, patriotic, and freedom-loving Friedmans, grading Mr. Reagan's first couple of years in office (he gets a low pass, I gather), and offering some programs for future action. Devotees of the Friedmans will find here little of substance that is new, but many sparkling gems of familiar hue concisely reset:

> Consider the effect of the "voluntary" quotas imposed by the Japanese on the export of cars to the United States in order to "save" the jobs of U.S. automobile workers. Who benefits? Who is harmed? The obvious beneficiaries are the stockholders of the companies manufacturing cars and their workers and suppliers. The obvious sufferers are the stockholders, employees, and suppliers of Japanese auto companies. Also, U.S. consumers now have a smaller range of choice of cars and must pay a higher price for them. Far less obviously, perhaps the major sufferers are U.S. farmers and lumbermen. Agricultural and timber products are our major export to Japan. If the Japanese now earn fewer dollars by selling cars, they have fewer dollars for buying U.S. products. U.S. exports go down, and all those involved in providing the goods lose. Ironically, the jobs "saved" in the automobile industry are high-paid jobs on the average; the jobs "lost" in the export industries lower-paid on the average. Hence *more* jobs are lost than saved. But as usual, the jobs "saved" are visible; the jobs "lost" are invisible.

All of this is to the good, and one can only marvel at the Friedmans' energy, lucidity, and patience. And yet I remain unhappy on one major point. The Friedman position, as it has been stated so clearly and cogently for many years, is that freedom is desirable; that government is coercive and therefore anti-freedom; that, generally, the less government the better; and that just about every governmental intervention in the free market breeds results that are the opposite of those intended (cf. the quote above). Therefore, unless an overwhelming case can be made for governmental intervention, man should be free to choose the instruments of his economic good.

Well, perhaps the greatest economic good is the instrument that permits us to rise above barter. A properly functioning medium of exchange has almost universally been sought as a primary economic good. And yet the Friedman position somehow always delivers this one good into the hands of the centralized government, and insists that the state monopolize the production and distribution of money. In *Capitalism and Freedom* (1962), for example, Milton Friedman writes: "There is widespread agreement that government must have some responsibility for monetary matters." He admits that control over money is a terrible weapon and must be sorely limited; and that establishing the limitation mechanism is "the problem."



Well. That "widespread agreement" ignores some very talented economists. Ludwig von Mises, Friedrich Hayek, Tony Fisher, and the economics departments of many American colleges have concluded that there is no theoretical need for government to get into the money-controlling business at all. And as to "the problem": If the world has learned anything from the long and gloriously productive career of the Friedmans, it has learned that when the government gets into the act, there will *always* be a problem.

In *Capitalism and Freedom*, as in the current book, there is an attempt to deal with the inconsistency. But I'm a bit disappointed to find no discussion of the fundamental question: Does a country need its own currency anyway? Liechtenstein, for example, an important international financial haven, has no currency of its own. It operates in an environment of competitive currencies issued by other countries, and its citizens seek the soundest values in the world marketplace. A similar question arises in the Friedman discussion of gold, which is always mentioned as the only alternative to a central-bank monopoly. Actually there is a long historical experience of free-market banking in the complete absence of a central bank or any governmental control of the money system. This occurred from 1714 to 1844 in Scotland, where banks competed with one another in the circulation of their paper bank notes backed by less than

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100 per cent gold reserves, and where the stability and soundness of the bank notes on average was far superior to the experience in England under the Bank of England. Just as Liechtensteiners today can choose among freely competing national currencies, so Scotsmen used to be able to choose among freely competing Scottish banks of issue. It is odd that the authors of *Free to Choose* appear freely to have chosen to ignore this important historical episode.

Ignoring the experience of free-market fractional-reserve gold-based banking systems, the Friedmans treat a commodity money—in practice, gold coins—as the only alternative to a governmental monopoly. They then attack the gold standard by attacking the experience of this country from 1800 to 1934 or so. But, for most of that time, we were on a bimetallic standard, not a gold standard, and the banking system was specially sheltered by governmental action (and inaction: as when governments looked the other way and allowed banks to suspend specie payments—a violation of contract and an expropriation of property that would be actionable in any other line of business). They should try to find fault with Scotland, 1714 to 1844. That would be truly illuminating.

The Friedmans raise other objections. One is the old bogeyman of "gold discoveries" that may upset the gold market. A new mine that added 10 per cent to world production of gold would add about one-fifth of one per cent, per year, to world gold inventories. That's a threat to stability? Another objection is that "a true gold standard makes sense only if it is international." It's hard to know what to do with that statement. Gold *is* international, always has been, always will be. Have the Friedmans discovered some exotic country that just plain refuses to accept gold in payment?

One or two other objections, which strike me as either insubstantial or slightly confused, need not detain us. The Friedmans conclude their discussion of monetary policy by calling for an amendment to the Constitution to require the Federal Reserve to increase the quantity of money at a fixed rate every year. A technical problem here is the now notorious inability of the Fed to decide how to define "money" in the first place. The Friedmans believe this problem is merely technical and that *any* definition, if adhered to, will be good enough in this imperfect world. It may be so.

But Hayek has found a deep theoretical problem with this sort of proposal. He points out that an increase in the money supply does not affect all prices at once, but affects some prices earlier and others later, and some prices differently. Individual businessmen do not buy, make, or sell index numbers; they base decisions on prices of individual items. But, even if they know the money supply is rising, how can they observe price changes in the market and know which changes are the result of monetary policy and which the result of underlying real forces? In the absence of unambiguous price messages from the market, businessmen will make inaccurate decisions concerning production and the channeling of capital and trade. The overall efficiency of the economy will be impaired. The attempt to stabilize prices through monetary policy reduces the real output of the economy.

Finally, who says stable prices are the objective of government or even the objective of the economy? An economy enjoying long-term growth in productivity will enjoy a gradual long-term *decline* in prices. That's just another way of saying people are gaining in real wealth. Their money remains constant. It simply buys more.

Or am I missing something? □

IN PLURALIST, CHRISTIAN AMERICA

Joseph Sobran

The Naked Public Square: Religion and Democracy in America, by Richard John Neuhaus (Eerdmans, 280 pp., $16.95)

"WHEN I HEAR the term 'Christian America,' I see barbed wire," says a "rabbi friend" of Richard John Neuhaus. Neuhaus is too polite to point out that Jewish immigration here peaked in the days when this was, unequivocally, "Christian America," or that Christian-baiting ranks with maumauing the flak-catchers as a source of minority-group fun and profit. It's safe, because Christians are so Christian.

Unflappably, Neuhaus replies that America is and always has been Christian America. Whatever its power elites have said, the daily lives of most Americans, sinners though they be, have been steadily guided by Christian norms and aspirations. Our law is rooted in Christian morality. So is the vocabulary of our public discourse. Our whole politics has been shaped by Christianity. Neuhaus contends that this is all to the good.

He makes it clear that he isn't talking about an America for Christians only, or about Christians as a group. He disdains the idea that Christians should claim "victim status" in the public forum. (I should add in passing that I wish Christians would force the issue on civil-rights laws by pointing out the clear "patterns of discrimination" against them in, e.g., the media, but this is a point distinct from the one Neuhaus is making.)

The rabbi friend would be either puzzled or reassured to learn that Neuhaus is talking about something that transcends tribalism and interest-group politics. Christian morality is not an ideology that serves the particular interests of Christians. It is more akin to the rebukes given to ancient Israel by her prophets. Is there another example in the whole world of a people cherishing such rebukes among their holy books? As Nietzsche says, "He who despises himself yet esteems the despiser within himself." As the prophets spoke for sinful Israel's better self, so Christianity keeps recalling sinful America to something higher.

Democracy can't exist without a moral consensus of some kind, and for America Christianity is it. Attempts to transcend Christianity fail, falling into vapidity and incoherence. It is nonsense to speak of something as "beyond" Christianity. Even Jews, as John Murray Cuddihy has pointed out, have had to legitimate their tribal interests here in a universalist vocabulary tailored to Christian values; hence the rhetoric of Jewish victimhood, distantly modeled on the paradigmatic Victim. Moral assimilation has been, for American Jews, a kind of surrogate conversion. To grasp how compelling Christian morality really is, it is only necessary to eavesdrop on the internal debates of the American Jewish community.

Neuhaus makes a series of important distinctions with restrained assurance. He mows down all the familiar catch-

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words. "Pluralism," he says, "does not mean simply that there are many different kinds of people and institutions in societal play. More radically than that, it means that there are contenders striving with one another to define what the play is about—what are the rules and what the goal." Contrary to the naïve model of interest-group politics, there are some differences that can't be split.

> If one person believes that incest is wrong and should be outlawed while another person believes incest is essential for sexual liberation, the question in a thoroughly secularized society is how these conflicting "interests" might be accommodated. Since the person who practices incest can do so without denying the rights of the person who abhors incest, the accommodation will inevitably be skewed in favor of incest. Similarly, one person believes the government has an obligation to assist the poor through tax dollars while another denies that there is any such obligation. Since the "interests" of the first person cannot be accommodated without interfering with the "interests" of the second person (by imposing higher taxes), the accommodation will be skewed in favor of the second.

Such is the shape of the "value-free" society, the Naked Public Square. In few, pluralism has no way to make room for cannibalism.

Neuhaus has plenty of criticism for "moral majoritarians," but it is a fair and unsnobbish criticism, and he is finally on their side. When he praises "diversity," he knows, and you know, exactly what he means: a diversity within rational limits, guided by coherent presuppositions. He knows that Christianity doesn't yield up automatic answers to all political problems, and he thinks it is good that Christians should have to come to terms with non-Christians as well as with each other. In one aspect, Christians *are* a group, or a group of groups, and they need to be restrained from confusing their human wills with the Divine Will.

The Naked Public Square is a model of taking-everything-into-account. Neuhaus has read Cuddihy and John Courtney Murray, among many others, and he has conversed with both Jerry Falwell and Norman Lear. He is fair to everyone even as he is decisive. And his decisions are, as far as I can see, right. If this book is read as widely as it deserves to be, secular humanists (or whatever they're calling themselves these days) will henceforth have a hard time imposing their values while pretending they're morally neutral.

The book's only fault is a sort of excess of fairness. Is it really true that abortion is not a Left/Right issue? Abortion-on-demand strikes me as an integral part of the "progressive" agenda, while conservatives on the whole reject it as foreign tissue. Neuhaus takes pains not to identify himself with the Right, but—intending no disrespect—I say he belongs with us. He certainly deserves our attention. □

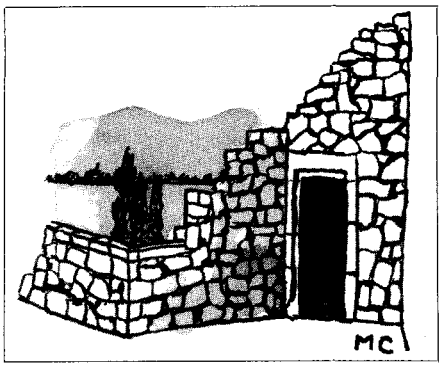
SUBJECTS OF IMPORTANCE

Joe Mysak

The Nightmare Years: 1930-1940, by William L. Shirer (Little, Brown, 654 pp., $22.50)

WILLIAM L. SHIRER went to Berlin in 1934 to cover Hitler's Third Reich, which was to become the key assignment in the thirty-year-old foreign-correspondent's life. This may, in fact, be understating the case, and understatement is something of which Mr. Shirer himself will never be accused. "Though I was not in his class," Mr. Shirer writes, "I perceived that luckily I was roughly in the position of the great Greek historian, Thucydides, whose introductory words in his magnificent *History of the Peloponnesian War* came back to me: *I lived through the whole war, being of an age to comprehend events and giving my attention to them in order to know the truth about them.*"

A certain portentousness has always been Mr. Shirer's strong suit, and so it is with the second volume of his autobiography, entitled *The Nightmare Years: 1930-1940*. Yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to overstate the horror of those nightmare years, and, with the exception of his characteristic stylistic excesses, Mr. Shirer is here at the top of his form. The first volume of these memoirs, which appeared in 1976, was heavy going, peppered as it was with references to the Vietnam War, Richard Nixon, the "collapse" of the American dream, and the moral bankruptcy of the United States. No doubt such stuff seeped into his memoirs as a bow to "relevance," but he has fortunately dropped it in this second volume.



It was Mr. Shirer's good fortune to have worked as a newspaperman in Hemingway's Paris, in India as it fell under the spell of Gandhi, in France as the Third Republic collapsed, and in Germany and Austria under Hitler, with side trips to London, Spain, Kabul, and the Khyber Pass. In the process he became a shining star of the Golden Age of the American foreign correspondent. In 1937 Mr. Shirer was asked by Edward R. Murrow to join the Columbia Broadcasting System, which he did, and where he helped Murrow invent the radio "world news roundup."

Mr. Shirer has previously covered the ground he covers here, notably in his two volumes of Berlin diaries, and in his histories of pre-war France and the Third Reich. In *The Nightmare Years*, however, he writes not as a historian but as a memoirist, which allows for a higher degree of candor and immediacy. As a historian, Mr. Shirer writes in the third person; as a memoirist, he reveals his own opinions and impressions.

He describes, for example, the effect of Hitler as a public speaker: "Over the years as I listened to scores of Hitler's major speeches, I would pause in my mind to exclaim: 'What utter rubbish! What brazen lies!' Then I would look around at the audience. His German listeners were lapping up every word." After briefly analyzing the unvarying pattern of the Führer's style, he concludes: "It did not matter so much what he said but how he said it."

He offers a glimpse of some happy Germans: "A newly arrived observer was forced, however reluctantly, as in my own case, to conclude that on the whole the people did not seem to feel that they were being cowed and held

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More July Titles: At Herman Kahn's death last year, his manuscript of *Thinking about the Unthinkable in the 1980s* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95) was nearly complete. Here Kahn answers, or rather attacks, the propagators of most of the now-popular views on nuclear war, among them the American Catholic bishops, whom he would tell: "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

In *The Coming Computer Industry Shakeout: Winners, Losers, and Survivors* (Wiley, $19.95) Stephen T. McClellan—a computer specialist for a Wall Street investment house—offers a useful and readable guide for investors interested in learning which of the computer companies currently on top of the heap will probably stay there, and which others are likely to displace some of them.

George Bancroft: The Intellectual as Democrat (Bessie/Harper, $24.50), by Lillian Handlin, is a rather critical biography of the author of a popular *History of the United States* in ten volumes who believed that his mission as "the Lord's scribe" was to shape "the moral existence of contemporary millions," which role he went on to perform in both the Polk and Andrew Johnson Administrations.

Daniel Green's *Great Cobbett: The Noblest Agitator* (Hodder & Stoughton/David & Charles, $24.95) looks to be an interesting biography of the nineteenth-century Tory-turned-Radical who found his roots in agrarianism and was later lauded by G. K. Chesterton in words that became his sobriquet.

☐ Some August Titles: *Last Days* (Dutton, $15.95) is a collection of 11 stories by the redoubtable, regrettable Joyce Carol Oates. . . . George MacDonald Fraser's *The Pyrates* (Knopf, $16.95) is an adventure novel set along the Barbary Coast and on the Spanish Main in the seventeenth century, by the author of the wonderful Flashman series.

Ernest Hemingway on Writing (Scribner's, $12.95), edited by Larry W. Phillips, with a foreword by Charles Scribner Jr., brings together comments, observations, and remarks—some of them throwaways, others much more extensive—on the art of letters, made in articles, novels, stories, correspondence, and interviews. —CW

down by an unscrupulous tyranny. On the contrary, and much to my surprise, they appeared to support it with genuine enthusiasm."

Or consider this poignant vignette of a parade in Berlin: "I had never seen such an awesome display of weapons: overhead swarms of bombers, fighters, and the new Stuka dive bombers; clattering past on the pavement an array of heavy tanks, big anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, and a motorized artillery piece it took five trucks to haul. At the sight of it, the German spectators gasped and broke into frenzied applause, always causing me to wonder: Why did Germans applaud inanimate things like guns and tanks?" Mr. Shirer may occasionally lack insight, but his journalistic sense is unerring.

Unfortunately, what makes for very good reporting does not necessarily make for good memoirs. Too often in the course of this massive book Mr. Shirer lapses into a shallow presentation of the facts—of the things that made the headlines. In radio, after all, there is time for little more. One suspects that his training in broadcast journalism was also responsible for the occasional dramatic tag lines scattered throughout *The Nightmare Years*. Meanwhile, the cosmic maunderings in this book—and there is a good deal of pondering of the human condition—are perhaps attributable to the classic memoir recipe.

Tom Wolfe once said that the test of a really good writer was whether he could write in an interesting way about a topic perceived to be uninteresting—for example, in his case, the astronauts. H. L. Mencken did this in his own memoirs, which rarely feature subjects of Importance, but which nevertheless are esteemed for their high quality.

Mr. Shirer cares not a whit for literary style, and often lets his subject carry him along. Nor does he have any inside information to impart. Those who are interested in "the face of evil," unless they wish to learn that it was by and large the mediocrity of gangsters, are best referred to Mr. Shirer's *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. While he does include a number of fine anecdotes and impressions, his best work in *The Nightmare Years* comes as the result of a straight and, for a reporter, melancholy journalistic exercise: finding out how his own perception of what was happening, and how he reported it, differed from what was really happening behind the scenes. This little lesson alone assures that the mass of words in this book is not wasted. ☐

IRELAND DIVIDED

John P. McCarthy

The Uncivil Wars: Ireland Today, by Padraig O'Malley (Houghton Mifflin, 544 pp., $9.95, paper)

Winston Churchill's 1922 comment about the Northern Irish, that "the integrity of their quarrel is one of the few institutions that has been unaltered in the cataclysm which has swept the world," is still valid today. That quarrel also has a remarkable fascination for Americans. The three Democratic presidential candidates have called for an American special envoy to help resolve the Northern Irish problem in the direction of Irish unification, and Irish-American activists are petitioning the Democratic Platform Committee to issue a similar statement. Charles Haughey, the leader of the opposition party in the Irish Republic, has recently called on President Reagan to challenge the legitimacy of Irish partition.

Before any public figure comments on Northern Ireland he, or at least his staff, ought first to make the acquaintance of what is beyond a doubt the most insightful and complete analysis of that tragic situation yet to appear. Padraig O'Malley has interviewed most of the major figures in the current phase of the controversy, including Ian Paisley, the Protestant extremist; James Prior, the British Secretary of State for Northern Ireland; Garret FitzGerald, the Irish prime minister; John Hume, the leader of the moderate Northern Catholics; Danny Morrison of Sinn Fein; and Daithi O'Conaill of the IRA. He reports on the interviews in the course of his presentation of the various perspectives on the issue, in which he thoroughly and critically demonstrates the implications, prospects, and inconsistencies of each.

He spares no camp in his weighing of claims and grievances. For instance, he notes how the British army's attempt to break the IRA by internment—that is, imprisonment without trial—in the early 1970s only served to spawn "a new generation of IRA leaders who revitalized the movement in the late 1970s." Internment was then replaced by trial without jury for specified offenses, as well as detention without warrant or benefit of counsel

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for up to 72 hours, during which time confessions could be obtained. Predictably, police abuse of power and maltreatment of suspects ensued, prompting Amnesty International to demand a public inquiry. To their credit the British conducted such an inquiry and established reforms in the interrogation procedures. Since then accusations of physical maltreatment have practically ceased, but the continued ease of arrest, especially when the overwhelming majority of those arrested are released without charges, leads many to conclude that these arrests have become in Catholic areas a substitute for ordinary police techniques.

O'Malley also challenges the assertion that IRA members are "mindless hooligans," and he accepts the view of the Irish Catholic primate, Cardinal O'Fiaich, that the majority are ordinary working-class youth without criminal disposition, aside from that inspired by their political perspective. But it is on that perspective, which is the basis for its actions, rather than on the character of its members, that the IRA must ultimately be judged. That perspective, which is formed by "bad history," "the pervasiveness and singularity of the myth of [Irish] unity," "the misguided actions of the British government," and Loyalist "sectarianism," might "make the IRA's actions understandable, but they do not justify them."

In asking the basic moral question, "Are Northern Ireland's Catholics being politically repressed to an extent that justifies a campaign of violence to end it?" O'Malley clearly answers: "They are not." He insists that the majority of Northern Irish Catholics are inclined to see themselves as victims of the IRA and that they support a tougher policy toward it by both the British and Irish governments. Also, a plurality of them would settle for "a power-sharing devolved government within a UK framework."

There is an inadequate appreciation by outsiders of the position of Northern Irish Catholics, victims of both Protestant discrimination and IRA intimidation. While majorities in both Britain and the Irish Republic would probably favor a British announcement of intention to withdraw—the former to relieve themselves of a costly burden, the latter to satisfy an emotional political aspiration—they would not be the ones who would have to experience the very serious possibility of bloodbath that could follow, as both history and present-day surveys of attitudes suggest "the determination of Protestants to defend their privileges at all costs."

O'Malley concludes that there should not "be a search for a solution as such, but rather for a framework" in which alternative settlements might emerge. That framework is made up of several building blocks. One would be the removal of Articles 2 and 3 of the Irish constitution, whereby the irredentist claim for Northern Ireland is made, serving only to legitimize the IRA. Another building block would be British willingness to coerce the Protestants, who have used the British legislative guarantee that they will not be forced into a united Ireland as a means of vetoing any governmental structural concessions to the nationalist minority. In other words, the Protestant Loyalists of Northern Ireland, for whom special accommodations were made in the original partition of the island, must now be forced to accept similar special accommodations for the substantial minority within the six counties of Northern Ireland. O'Malley lists several other building blocks, but, significantly, none of them comes from America. Presidential speechwriters and Democratic Platform Committee members, please note. □

CROSSING THE HORIZON

Michael Liccione

Eternal Life? Life after Death as a Medical, Philosophical, and Theological Problem, by Hans Küng (Doubleday, 270 pp., $15.95)

IT HAS BEEN four years now since Pope John Paul II saw to the revocation of Hans Küng's license to teach as an official Catholic theologian. At the time, the move afforded brief satisfaction to the orthodox, who greeted it as a sadly needed certification of the obvious. But it has also provided Küng with another of the self-dramatizing metaphors that have fueled his immense popularity. Lately he has taken to depicting himself as a renegade sleuth, a seeker after transcendental clues, always several steps ahead of the hidebound officials who approve only well-worn investigative paths. Still, anyone hoping for a clear-cut case had better stick with the cops—at least if this book is a fair record of the evidence its author thinks he has found.

For when all is said and done, the import of *Eternal Life?* is actually negative. To be sure, Küng does suggest reasons to hope that the answer to Peggy Lee's "Is that all there is?" is "No." He argues at some length for "trust" in "reality," for the reasonability, if not the provability, of the belief that every human being, living, dead, or yet unborn, will somehow share in God's kingdom fully manifest. But he devotes even more space to undermining concrete beliefs about the forms an afterlife might take. Indeed, Küng's procedure leaves one wondering both what the substance of his hope is and what audience he aims to reach.

Perhaps the clue to solving the mystery of the investigation itself lies in the book's genesis in a nine-day lecture series at Tübingen, the German university from whose Catholic faculty Küng was removed but which, in the spirit of the liberal Protestantism long at home there, keeps him employed. Küng retains, indeed has strengthened, an ideal platform from which to address more or less religious persons who find traditional eschatology in particular as incredible as traditional dogma in general.

From this point of view, the lectures

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seem perfectly tailored. Divided into three sets of three, a sort of modernist novena, they begin by raising the question and canvassing a few answers. Medical experience with the terminally ill, and widely reported near-death experiences (which seem to be almost always blissful), are tamely enough said to highlight the question of eternal life while leaving it open. The thoughts of Freud, Feuerbach, and the great twentieth-century existential philosophers are neatly expounded to pose the great "either-or": Is death a sign of life's absurdity or a vehicle of some larger meaning? Non-monotheistic accounts of death's meaning, especially the doctrine of reincarnation, come up for compressed consideration and are left behind. So far, it seems, Küng's treatment presents few conclusions to which most Continental-trained theologians (or philosophers, for that matter) could not subscribe. The real Küng comes next, over his own "horizon."

His "theological starting-point" is conventional enough: to "confront and reconcile" ordinary human experience with "the history of hope and experience" in the Bible. Küng rightly describes how pre-Christian Judaism came gradually to hope for a general resurrection, anticipated in the apocalyptic writings that began to develop in the second century B.C. Some of this literature is in everyone's Bible (e.g., Daniel), some is of disputed canonicity (e.g., Second Maccabees), the rest is plainly apocryphal. But Küng finds an "embarrassing plurality" of speculative imagery and doctrine in this genre, viewed skeptically by some Jews even in Jesus' time, when belief in resurrection and a Last Day had become widespread. Now, the scholarly consensus reflected in this treatment of the Hebrew Scriptures is by no means as clear when it comes to the Resurrection of Jesus and the faith of the early Church. Nevertheless, Küng tries to wrap in the aura of such a consensus what turn out—no surprise—to be ambiguous views of the New Testament record.

On the one hand, Küng argues that the Easter accounts in the canonical Gospels reveal "insurmountable discrepancies and inconsistencies in the tradition." To the extent that this is true—"insurmountable" gives away what can only be an *argumentum ad ignorantiam*—its relevance to Christian faith is unclear. But Küng is here in the business of whittling things down, in the name, it seems, of the kind of reverse fundamentalism that has led many Biblical scholars to think that their "scientific" methods yield some theological limit on the Church's teaching. Thus, that the exegetes have identified the "primitive" Easter message, Küng does not doubt; so, for him, it holds *a fortiori* that the evangelists went in mostly for "legendary embellishment." In truth, the Resurrection was "not an event in space and time," not strictly a "historical event" at all. Strangely, Küng notes that "there was then no means of photographing or registering an event," thus completely ignoring the Shroud of Turin, which has been shown to come from that time and place, and whose causal history, to say the least, is scientifically obscure.

On the other hand, Küng insists that *something* extraordinary did happen, in the form of experiences that Jesus' followers took to be of Him as alive after His public execution. The Resurrection, in *some* sense, was a "real event," the prime case of a "wholly new mode of existence in a wholly different dimension of the eternal, described pictorially and in need of interpretation." The *person* Jesus is alive with God, even though his *corpse* underwent no physiological change. This sounds odd, coming on the heels of Küng's affirmation of the again-fashionable view that a human being is a "soul-body unity," not a soul that just has a body. Indeed, from a purely logical standpoint, much of Küng's argument consists of non-sequiturs, issuing in a floridly stated minimalism guaranteed to offend the pious.

The same goes for much of the discussion of what used to be called "the last things": heaven, hell, purgatory, judgment, the end of the world, the Devil, and so on. Going beyond mere rejection of images, Küng denies that any of these things exist, or will exist, in senses that mainstream Christians would recognize as distinctively Christian. He does fly from the Hive on one point: He reminds the "political theologians" who think Kingdom Come should be a post-revolutionary worker's paradise that "the consummation comes through God's unforeseeable, unextrapolatable *action*." The last third of the book, though, telescopes eschatological concern to sharpen the focus on this world, while leaving the next so fuzzy

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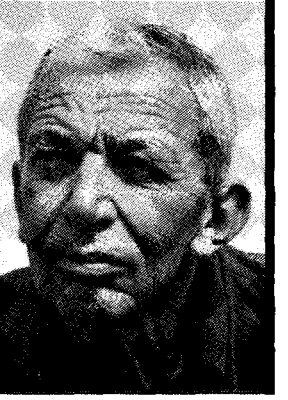
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that one naturally wants to ask what we have seen that has not already been displayed more forcefully.

What it comes to is a highly elaborate comforting ritual for jaded intellectuals, offering no more, and arguably less, than do most such rituals. It is a puzzle how Küng manages to retrace a path that liberal Protestantism has long been following to its detriment while apparently thinking that many, Catholic or no, will be moved to follow him. □

FILM

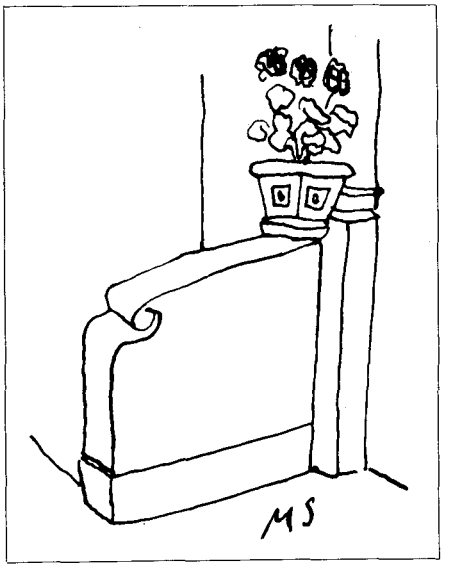
EXTINCT

John Simon

SELDOM HAVE I found a famous novel so distasteful—so overwritten and underrealized—as Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*. (García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is a close competitor.) One part ravings and rantings of an obnoxious drunkard buttonholing you in a bar with his imaginary greatness hanging like an albatross round his neck; one part sweatily subaltern emulation of *Ulysses* meant to exhibit greater erudition, vocabulary, literary bravura; and one part straining to ennoble a loathsome yet arrogant case of dipsomania and concomitant destructiveness and self-destructiveness, *Under the Volcano* is as ponderous, precious, and pretentious as a piece of writing can be. It is a masterpiece for the semi- or pseudo-literate, a cult novel for precocious ephebes, and an agglomeration of every conceivable literary device from symbol to abstruse allusion, from crisscrossing interior monologues to elaborate refrains and incremental repetition, from flashbacks to foreshadowings and grandiose parallels, from cinematic montage to Joycean punning—all, all to no avail.

Well, not quite all. There are some good evocations of Mexican land- and townscapes, of the flora and fauna (including some bestial specimens of the human animal), an authoritative portrayal of every stage of intoxication, and some effective similes and metaphors among many that fail. The book is anything but slapdash: Written first as a short story—which it probably should have remained—it was rewritten several times as a novel with the obsessive tenacity of a megalomaniacal sot who was going to spawn a masterwork if it killed him and all those who cared for and about him. Like many a drunkard, Lowry was an expert deceiver—was already so as a boy at the Leys School, Cambridge, England, where he had the same French master, S. C. Gillard, whom I had some 15 years later. As his biographer, Douglas Day, puts it, "He was . . . somewhat less than brilliant at modern languages—though he did learn enough in Gillard's French class to deceive those who knew even less into believing that he was a natural and accomplished linguist." His French, like his English and other languages in *Under the Volcano*, is indeed full of holes, but can fool people just as his writing does. Near the beginning of his biography, Day says of Lowry's death from alcohol and barbiturates that it was the suicide of "one of the century's greatest novelists, a man of such awesome talent that the word *genius* must be used to describe him." Between Lowry and genius, the difference is as between night and Day.

Under the Volcano is, like *Ulysses*, the chronicle of a day, in this case the last one in the life of Geoffrey Firmin, British ex-consul in Quanhnahuac (the Indian name for Cuernavaca), a confirmed alcoholic with the added excuse that his wife, Yvonne, has left and divorced him. He is being tended by his younger half-brother, Hugh, a journalist fresh from the Spanish Civil War and a mysterious sojourn in Texas, and, once again, by Yvonne, who suddenly, worriedly, lovingly, comes back near the beginning of the novel.



The day is November 1, 1938, the Day of the Dead, which, in the Mexico of that era, was celebrated with much boozy revelry and effigies of death cheerfully proliferating. Firmin is overwhelmed by his wife's return, but, for reasons that, like anything else of any importance in this novel, are left unclear, cannot even try to give up the bottle for her. At the end of a day of ever more frantic drunkenness—though the Consul (as he is generally and portentously referred to) supposedly drinks to achieve a drunken lucidity and even clairvoyance—he manages to get himself not undeliberately killed by the fascistic para-police, and to drag Yvonne down with him. Hugh, who had a brief fling with Yvonne, and who loves both her and the Consul with a devotion neither of them deserves, will probably be shattered, too, if he survives a near-suicidal gesture he plans on behalf of the already doomed Spanish Loyalists.

The problem, aside from bad writing, is that the novel sheds no light on why the Consul drinks, why his beautiful and not unintelligent wife adores him despite the odd infidelity she is driven to by his stuporous neglect of her, why Hugh is so full of lovingkindness for this abominable, frequently hostile drunk, and why we should find Firmin worth caring about for 375 attitudinizing pages. All of these difficulties are inherited and faithfully passed on to us by the movie version scripted by young Guy Gallo (a condignly vinous name) and directed by old John Huston. The filmmakers have tried to extract a more followable story line from the novel's tortuous meanderings, and have omitted one major character (the ex-cinéaste Jacques Laruelle, a friend and fellow expatriate of Geoff's and former lover of Yvonne's) and conflated some minor ones. They have slightly underplayed the sympathies with Communist Spain and overelaborated the presence of Nazis and Nazi sympathizers in Mexico, along with Hugh and Geoff's anti-Nazi stand. They have cut out all the (not uninteresting) flashbacks to the characters' younger years, and they have eliminated nearly all the (quite uninteresting) references to Geoff's vast learning and the book about the cabala and related mystical and mythological matters he fancies himself to be working on.

The result is a film that is much more linear, logical, comprehensible

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than the book, but, alas, even more boring. One of the strengths of the book is its conceivably definitive depiction of a lush in literature, including "this precarious stage, so arduous to maintain, of being drunk in which alone he [the Consul] was sober!" But after the point has been made, endlessly repeated, and worried to death, it becomes, to quote again, "the obscure language known only to major adepts in the Great Brotherhood of Alcohol." *Known* perhaps to others as well, but of (so to speak) consuming interest only to the GBA. Yet why does this man drink? The novel offers only a few feeble, disingenuous, and misleading hints, the foremost of which is: "Even almost bad poetry is better than life, the muddle of voices might have been saying, as, now, he drank half his drink." In other words, this is yet another of those tiresome works (e.g., *Morgan!*, *King of Hearts*, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*) in which craziness, drug addiction, or alcoholism is made out to be braver, truer, finer than sober, sane adherence to an allegedly corrupt world drained of all decency and nobility. Tendentious rubbish!

I have little doubt that Malcolm Lowry drank out of either repressed homosexuality or an obscure sense of artistic failure, or, most likely, a combination of the two. He bestowed this condition on his semi-autobiographical protagonist who cannot begin to satisfy Yvonne, lovingly restored to him, and who does not do a lick of work on his magnum opus, toward which he has been collecting and reading esoteric tomes all his life. But there is almost no such insight in the novel, and none whatever in the film. The novel tries to redeem Firmin by making him, as Lowry thinks, infinitely witty and charming while still pointing an occasional accusatory finger at him. In the movie, because the interior monologue is excised, the Consul is less witty and charming, for which, however, Albert Finney's supposedly magisterial performance is meant to compensate.

It doesn't. Finney is heavy-handed and obvious, playing the Consul with a bug-eyed, wordless despair, which may be appropriate, but without the lightness, the redemptive finesse, which is mandatory if we are to feel for the character. I don't know whether this performance is too honest or too hammy—given the Consul's besotted outrageousness, it could be either—but Finney forfeits compassion, too high a price even for honesty. The part of Hugh suffers worst in the adaptation, for Hugh represents mostly young Lowry's running away to sea, all of which the script cuts. Anthony Andrews is not the actor to fill in such lacunae, though his face has filled out into a deplorable pudginess. As for Yvonne, although Lowry had two wives to base her on, she emerges as only half a character because, being no part of himself and a woman to boot, she did not exercise his imagination (or, rather, his lack of imagination) much. Jacqueline Bisset manages to look right and to do nothing conspicuously wrong, which, for such a passive role, proves amply sufficient. Among the minor characters, the comic Englishman is done best, by James Villiers, who knows how to wear the old school tie as if it were the Order of the Garter.

Huston's direction is listlessly straightforward where some inventive quirkiness is sorely needed. Huston does not get in the way of the material, but neither does he lend much of a helping hand. Granted Mexico has changed much in the intervening years (Cuernavaca, for instance, was no longer usable), but why should Popocatepetl —doubtless its old, awesome self—be used so sparingly and unimpressively? Even the book's key line seems to be missing: "Under the volcano! It was not for nothing the ancients had placed Tartarus under Mount Etna . . ." Certainly we miss the interplay between nature, or the characters' conceptions of it, and their lives.

The lush cinematography of that old overstater Gabriel Figueroa does not help. Best remembered as Buñuel's Mexican cameraman on such movies as *Nazarin*, *The Exterminating Angel*, and *Simon of the Desert*, Figueroa is a powerful expressionist in black and white; here, in color, he gives us garish *images d'Epinal*, and contributes a coarse insistency that undercuts the prevailing etiolation and lethargy. Alex North's score is undistinguished, but at least avoids the vulgarity of the title sequence and of the overdone whores and dwarf in the closing Farolito scenes. The film does not even convey the hell in which the main characters are cooking: Rather than Tartarus, it is, at best, steak tartare. Or, more likely, hash. □

DELECTATIONS

ME AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Nika Hazelton

AFTER YEARS of thought about picnics, all I can say is: If you insist. I hasten to say that this is not a theoretical statement, but rather the conclusion of a picnic-scarred veteran who has prepared and gone on more picnics than I care to remember. Thus, one way and another, I have found out a certain amount about the great American picnic and how to make it work.

First, a picnic is *al fresco* eating to be sure, but it is not the true, classical out-of-doors eating, as practiced in fine restaurants with gardens and, preferably, a view. Second, I cannot tell you anything about specialized forms of outdoor eating, such as how to serve a meal on a boat or on a camping or hiking trip, nor about outdoor grilling, barbecuing, and the like. I maintain that if I have to cook, I'll do it where I am most comfortable, namely in my own kitchen. (Barbecues are lovely, as is steak grilled over mesquite, but I won't do them.) My idea of a good picnic is one that I can fix up at home, and need only carry and unpack at the chosen spot. However, I *am* willing to heat up a casserole or stew at the picnic spot. (The true me, the me that knows how life ought to be lived, yearns for exquisite repasts carried by a liveried chauffeur to a bosky glen, where two footmen have set the table with damask, silver,

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and Baccarat, *mousses* and *galantines*, *chauds-froids* and custards, and delicious hock and champagne. But the me that knows the realities of life doesn't think it's very likely to happen. Chauffeurs maybe, but footmen, these days?)

There are two kinds of picnics: the wholly spontaneous and the planned. For the first, the hostess gathers whatever foods she can find at the nearest deli, gourmet shop, or takeout, places them in a box with a minimum of accouterments (napkins are essential, or paper towels) and the necessary booze, and that's it. For the second, you must first be sure that your guests really like to picnic (a given with the spontaneous picnic): Be explicit and question them when you extend the invitation.

If you've decided to go through with it, choose a spot that is easy to get to, and away from. If it is a remote one, make sure that your guests can, and are willing to, walk. Check out the site if you can, and remember that some beaches are shut off by rising tides. If the place is hard to get to, don't fuss with fancy stuff, but take sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and tomatoes, and fruit or cookies for dessert. (Food, in other words, that you eat out of hand.) Remember that swamps, poison ivy, ants, pebbles, and trespassing notices spoil picnics.

Bring a large, colorful cloth to spread on the ground so the food can be set out, and have the ladies deco-

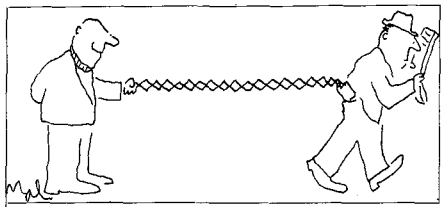
THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"THE REIGN of God has arrived in Nicaragua": Thus spake Father Richard Preston, a Michigan priest, writing in *The Catholic Weekly*, in March 1983. And if God made His arrival riding in a camouflaged Jeep instead of upon an ass, and if His attendants seemed bemused this time, as if their hearts were actually with another kind of Savior, the situation is comprehensible through the fecundity of History, the infinite varieties of religious experience. As Miguel d'Escoto, a Maryknoll priest and Foreign Minister of the Sandinista regime, said in 1980: "There are people that call themselves atheists. From the Christian perspective, in fact, this does not have great importance. The important thing is the behavior of people; it is the practice, not the theory."

Since July 1979, when the Sandinista revolutionaries overthrew the Somoza dictatorship of 42 years' duration, many Christians—especially in the United States and Western Europe—have hailed the advent of the new government as revolution with a human face, in which Marxism and Christianity each found ultimate realization in the other. Somoza had been ousted through the cooperation of Christians and Marxists, Catholic priests held positions of authority in the new government, and the FSLN was promising to create a society democratic as heaven, gentle as Brook Farm, and efficient as a Stalinist tractor factory. Come hell or high water this was the vision to which certain progressive Christians were determined to cling. The purpose of Humberto Belli's *Nicaragua: Christians under Fire* (The Puebla Institute, P.O. Box 520, Garden City, Mich. 48135; $8) is, in the author's words, "to show that Christians' hopefulness regarding the Sandinista revolution is mistaken."

Belli—himself a former Marxist and collaborator with the Sandinistas who converted to Christianity in 1977, resigned his job as editorial-page editor of the independent *La Prensa* in March 1982 after the imposition of total press censorship, and fled Nicaragua the following month—begins with a sketch of the Sandinistas' history, which he demonstrates to be, purely and unadulteratedly, Marxist-Leninist. From the founding of the FSLN in 1962 until 1978, when it became clear that the organization had a real chance at overthrowing Somoza, if only it were careful not to antagonize potential allies, the Sandinistas acknowledged explicitly an adherence to Marxian socialism, establishing strong ties to Fidel Castro. Since their accession to power, they have attempted, as Belli says, "to maintain a low ideological profile," restricting Marxist rhetoric largely to party publications that circulate only among the elite.

THE PROGRESSIVE Christian line outside the country goes roughly like this: Catholic priests hold a number of government positions in Nicaragua, many of them crucial to ideological indoctrination; also, since 1979 the number of Bibles distributed in the country has doubled or tripled; so if



the Sandinistas really mean to replace a Christian society with a totalitarian one, they have chosen an odd way to go about it. Belli, however, makes short work of this argument, starting with a reminder that Castro wore a rosary around his neck during his parade through Havana in 1959, and going on to prove that the strategy of the Sandinistas is to conquer Christianity *through* "Christianity," by using Nicaragua's "revolutionary Christians" to divide it, while persecuting the established Church as well as the Protestant minorities. Castro, in his advice to his undeclared allies to go slow with their revolution, probably had just this in mind. As Belli writes: "Nicaragua . . . is one of the most Catholic countries in the world. Religious devotion is fervent, the bishops and the Pope are held in great respect. This is so particularly among the peasants and the urban poor. In some ways, as a Catholic country Nicaragua resembles Poland, where Catholic faith is also deeply rooted in the lives of ordinary people." The FSLN, unable to overlook incontrovertible fact, has chosen to eradicate religion by stealth, setting Christian revolutionists on the people to preach not Marxism to bring them to Christ, but rather a highly politicized Christianity to bring them to Marx.

By way of a postscript, it may be added that in five years Nicaragua has failed to acquire—apart from freedom of religion—freedom of elections, freedom of the press, freedom from fear, and freedom from want, and isn't likely to get them while the Sandinistas and their imported Cuban and Eastern European technocrats maintain their stranglehold. □

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rate the "table" with flowers. Bring large—I stress *large*—napkins, either paper ones or bandanas. Don't forget that not everyone in the party may be able or willing to sit on the ground, so bring a folding chair or two. Good plastic plates are permissible, but plastic forks and knives are not, so either bring your own tableware or invest in some inexpensive stainless-steel sets. I personally hate to drink from plastic, but that is up to you.

Keep the food hot—or chilled—in insulated containers or make your own, by lining a sturdy, deep shopping basket thickly with about three dozen sheets of newspaper. Hot food should be placed in a casserole that can be set over an open fire, and cold food set in a plastic bag filled with ice cubes and covered with a pillow or cushion you can later sit on. Cover with more newspapers and tie fast. Or, for another cooling gadget, use the kind of thermal pad that can be chilled overnight (available from all hardware stores). Do not forget: bottle opener, can opener, salt, pepper, cigarettes and matches, paper toweling, knives, forks, spoons, carving knife, garbage bags, insect repellent, and Wash 'n' Dries. If you want to cook outdoors or heat up food, bring your own fuel, because firewood may be non-existent on that heavenly site you chose. Make sure fires are really out, and collect all your garbage; leave it in garbage cans, if they are provided, or, if not, take it home and get rid of it there.

It is essential that there should be sufficient alcoholic and nonalcoholic drinks, all well chilled, as well as plenty of water. Consume hard liquor with caution, but it is a good idea to dispense one or more slugs of hooch to your guests the moment the site is reached, or, for those who prefer them, soft drinks or fruit juices. This cheers all present and puts them in a good mood while waiting for the food, especially since cooking or reheating food always, always, *always* takes much longer than one expects. Champagne for starters, followed by light white wine, works very well and is simple to dispense. Rosés are nice too; in any case, figure on at least half a bottle of wine per person and hold some in reserve. Don't forget the corkscrew, without which the rest of your efforts are in vain. Coffee, strong, black, and kept hot in thermoses, is a necessity. Serve milk and sugar separately, always. □

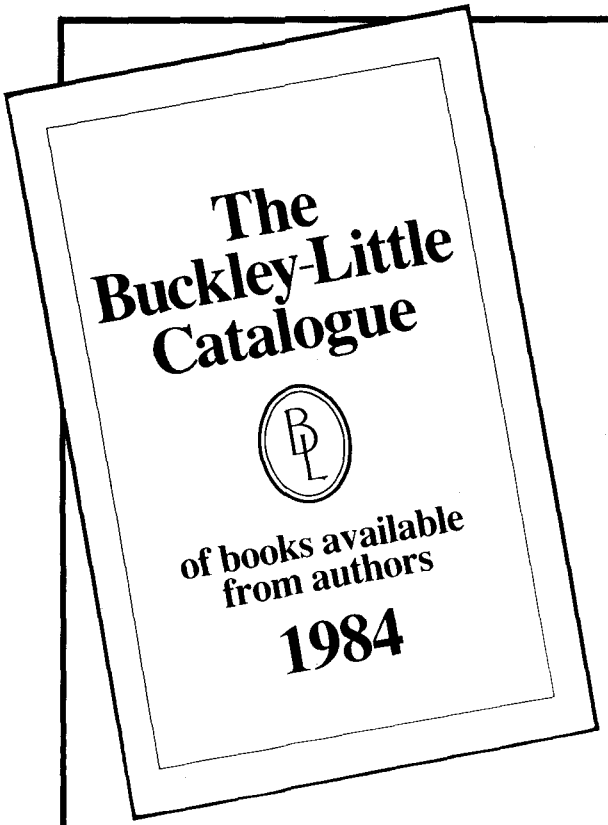
THE GIMLET EYE

COMPUTER CRIME

D. Keith Mano

SOMEONE TOLD me about this jaunty computer bilk long ago. Data processor Smith, working in Payroll at Gog and Magog Corp., noted that each time employees were paid, oh, $243.013 the IBM or Xerox would round off to $243.01; 0.003 didn't print out anywhere—it had no existence. So Smith instructed the computer to deposit every fragment of take-home in his personal bank account—0.003 × 10,000 workers × 52 is a decent annual incentive bonus. That was 1972 or so: since, computer crime has become as prevalent and sophisticated as fresh, resistant gonorrhea viruses.

I have a free-market definition. No new industry or form of commerce can be considered profitable until some criminal claque has been drawn to it. What ain't worth stealing, ain't. A *Smithsonian* magazine article has it that between $300 million and $5 billion is gouged annually by electronic rustling.



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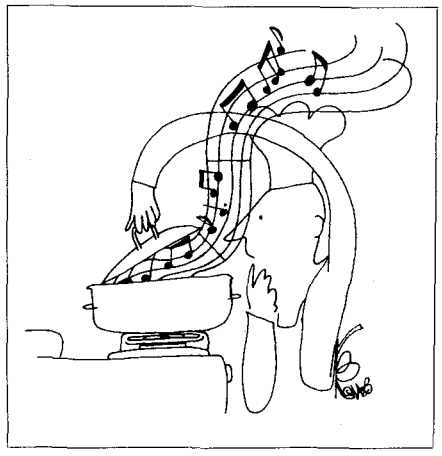
And this does not count the "hacker" subculture—teen children who access (and often damage) systems by telephone instead of doing something creative, like autoerotic strangulation. (Access is now a verb. Think I'll access my wife tonight.) The 414 crew in Milwaukee nicked a major network at Los Alamos. Little Fred, age 14, could give his high-school principal 432 parking tickets, or insert himself in *The Dictionary of American Biography*. Computers, after all, were invented to disperse information—security is counter their essence. The Department of Defense has sicced in-house tiger teams on its own hardware. Not one system was impregnable. Imagine what Rosenberg could do today with an access code or two. We've come some long way from half Jello boxes.

And yet computer law is about as up-to-date as the Burying in Wool Act. Just twenty or so states have passed modern legislation: there is no federal computer-crime code whatsoever. At a New York Bar Association seminar, U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani thought aloud that four times as much is stolen from the bank system through computer hold-ups as through good old panty-hose-over-your-face confrontation. "A whole group of people who would be deterred by violent activity or the need to corrupt a bank officer feel safe committing computer crime. It's impersonal, distant. Deterrent barriers are down." Yet Giuliani is forced to prosecute using awkward larceny or wire-fraud legislation. Might as well play billiards with a sashweight.

What, moreover, is property? A California court ruled that electrical impulses moving between computer and computer couldn't be called tangible. (Well, *nu?*, they aren't.) Another court said that stolen computer time wasn't service theft. When a crook pipes your tax record or hospital chart, he hasn't, in the common-law sense, committed larceny: there is no "taking and carrying away." Wire-fraud legislation can enable a prosecutor—but the crime must be interstate. And penalties are often disproportionate: any teenage hacker or "logic bomber" indicted for vandalism under wire fraud would be subject to a five-year sentence. Furthermore, no one has even decided how you should properly define "computer." In some states now, misuse of a word processor or simple home calculator would qualify as computer crime. Think,



you could send your steno-pool temp upriver if she tapped out her Pritikin diet plan on the office display reader.

IBM counsel Donato Evangelista said with some naïveté: "A certain mystique has grown up around computers. Actually, the computer is a relatively simple tool, roughly analogous to a corporate file room." So, but not so: the computer is both grand modern utensil and premonition. Hal, in *2001*, was no file clerk. Those sterile squared-off numerals—each 9 looking like some stiff golf flag—suggest establishment, multinational, bureaucratic, adversary, unsociable, big. Another arrogant, separate—maybe inimical—lobe for the human brain. You are meant, watching *War Games*, to sympathize and celebrate because a young hacker has almost kicked off World War, Part III. Nuclear defense computers are "inhuman." They supervise "inhuman" nuclear armament. The corollary assumption is dangerous and over-facile: that our war chest has become too complex for safety. Children can superzap it. (They could, no doubt, glitch quite a lot.) But the conclusion that we should disarm unilaterally—since it is somehow better to die by intention than by mistake—represents liberal garbage in, liberal garbage out. And I smell left-side manipulation. After all, that new, chic-progressive class of technocrats, managers, social theorists understood best what a computer could do. They programmed it and us: income redistribution, indeed, all of statism as we recognize the phenomenon, could never have been without data processing. Now these radical mandarins tell us they're scared: and they should know. Me, I always thought compassion came out of a terminal somewhere.

Meanwhile Congress has had computer-crime legislation in committee since 1977. And we still prosecute electronic theft as if it were shoplifting. Giuliani has this insight: "Congress, particularly the House, is virtually useless, as a body, to deal comprehensively with a serious criminal problem. Or really with any kind of comprehensive problem. One group or another—either civil libertarian or far right—will block legislation. In fact Congress has been unable to legislate *at all* in the criminal-law area for the last ten or 12 years. There is little hope that it will get up a consensus or take itself seriously enough to pass legislation like this." I might advance some incisive, ironic comment here: but, on second thought, I'm too disgusted.

Yet both Giuliani and Evangelista minimize the national danger. Probably no one is going to nuke Russia from a pay phone. (Why, Keith, would the IBM man stress computer insecurity? Or the U.S. Attorney encourage hackers? Be alert for once.) Giuliani will grant that individual privacy has been jeopardized. There is more human data in one vulnerable place now. Which brings us again to the meaning of property. Is information about you tangible stuff? In some intangible sense, of course. We are what is known about us. Instead of life, liberty, and property, perhaps the credo should be life, liberty, and identity. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

1984 Revisited, edited by Irving Howe (Harper & Row, 276 pp., $10.95)

IN RECOMMENDING that his firm publish the first edition of *1984*, Fredric Warburg concluded: "It is a great book, but I pray that I may be spared from reading another like it for years to come." With all the overblown publicity attached to the current Year of Orwell, one is inclined to agree. One is even tempted to take a sabbatical to East Germany, since, according to Deputy Culture Minister Klaus Hoepcke, *1984*, being directed entirely against Western "multinational concerns and their bloodhounds, that crush national sovereignty, order the removal or installation of presidents, plunder economies, [and] dictate disinformation," has nothing valid in the way of com-

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mentary on Communism and is therefore banned in East Germany. Orwell would have been amused. Probably not so much so by this collection of essays edited by Mr. Howe, although it does provide Orwell aficionados with, if not food for thought, at least a few intellectual bones to gnaw. Mark Crispin Miller, Elaine Hoffman Baruch, Bernard Avishai, Luther P. Carpenter, Robert C. Tucker, Michael Walzer, Leszek Kolakowski, Milovan Djilas, Johanno Strasser, James B. Rule, Robert Nisbet, and Richard Lowenthal provide enough variations on enough themes so that no reader need fear being entirely alienated. Much of what is said need not be taken seriously—especially Mr. Lowenthal's contention that "the basic ideological trends of the final part of our century are no longer linked with self-generated perversions of the Western tradition . . . the new movements, within the West and among its enemies, lead us beyond totalitarianism." Tell that one to the next refugee from Big Brother Chernenko or Big Brother Khomeini you run into. Western, perhaps not; totalitarian, definitely.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

The Diplomats, by Martin Mayer (Doubleday, 417 pp., $17.95)

MARTIN MAYER, the thinking man's Vance Packard, spent five grisly years touring the Foggy Bottoms of twenty countries in preparation for his latest institutional profile, a snappily written exercise in high dudgeon called *The Diplomats*. Mr. Mayer is a well-known specialist in the profitable combination of hard data and spicy gossip, and *The Diplomats* is full of both; but he is also an intelligent man, and *The Diplomats* consequently crackles with the kind of testiness that diplomatic stupidities inevitably arouse in sound minds. (Jimmy Carter's post-Afghanistan grain embargo, Mr. Mayer snarls, was carried out "in what must be described as the typical half-assed manner of that Administration.") Martin Mayer is perhaps not quite hard-nosed enough to savor either the current Administration's anti-Soviet determination or Israel's Realpolitik, but he is everywhere else superbly cynical; witness his rousing dismissal of the UN as a repository of "bad papers, dishonest rhetoric, drunken delegates, overpaid secretariats, boredom beyond the capacity of any but veterans of these engagements to sustain." Or, better yet, his explanation of the notorious New World Information Order: "What has driven the UNESCO effort to bring the world's news agencies under government control . . . has been less a resentment of reportorial unkindness to the Third World than a fury at the inability of the press to take the international organizations and their diplomatic attendants as seriously as they take themselves." Nice. To be sure, all that protocol has made Mr. Mayer just a little woozy when it comes to the odd detail—somebody named "Edward Meese," for example, turns up both on page 254 and in the index—but how can you knock a guy who describes Andrew Young as "intelligent, ill-informed, reluctant to become confused by facts"?

TERRY TEACHOUT

COPELAND

(Continued from page 29)

tread the line between what is acceptable behavior in a civilized society and what is not—a line which, given the democratic conscience, is especially important in this kind of war.

Once we accept the idea of a revived and truly effective CIA, we must allow it to use the methods that accounted for its effectiveness. Unconventional warfare is something the CIA's experts, perhaps uniquely in U.S. Government circles, truly understand, and they have long ago concluded that pure defense will not work. We are limited in how far our defenses can go, but the terrorists know no limitations. Guard an ambassador, and they will kill his deputy. Guard the deputy, and they will kill some poor third secretary. Guard a hundred installations and they will hit the hundred-and-first. In the end, we will wind up trying to guard everything, stationing uniformed policemen all over the place, and creating the appearance of the very "fascist police state" that revolutionary movements and their terrorist soldiers thrive on as a target.

So what is the alternative? The only way we can prevent terrorism is by knowing the identities and intentions of specific terrorists, so that the authorities can apprehend them before they commit their intended acts. This inescapably means suspect files, surveillance, telephone tapping, and other forms of "spying on American citizens" frowned on by Senator Church, the *New York Times*, and others a few years ago. Without such measures, terrorism will proliferate and so will the ineffective but embarrassingly visible police attempts to fight it.

We must get our priorities straight. We can insist on full civil liberties, whatever the costs, or we can realize that it is through these liberties that the Soviets intend to destroy us. The danger is that we will never feel compelled to make the effort to find a point of reconciliation between our liberties and our security. The Soviets' underlying strategy is one of "gradualism," meaning that their advances will be accomplished so slowly and carefully that the public will come to learn to live with them before it learns what to do to prevent them. There will be no Pearl Harbor, no dramatic, telegenic event that will cause the public, finally, to say "enough" and agree to compromise on the issue of civil liberties. The Soviets couldn't possibly come out on top in any sudden confrontation. But confrontations will keep creeping up on us. That is what this newest form of war is all about. □

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SUMMIT?

NEW YORK, JULY 2

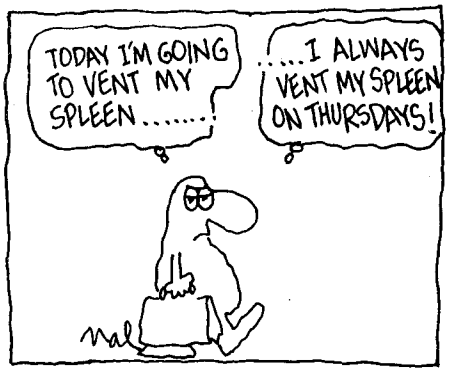
JUST ABOUT all the major reasons arguing against a precipitate Reagan-Chernenko meeting were given by Tip O'Neill in one of those overwhelmingly demagogic pronouncements in which he excels. "You can't," he said in his scolding voice, "be throwing sticks and stones at your neighbor and expect to be asked over for tea." If "neighbor" describes the Soviet Union, then "neighborly" describes the Mexican army's visit to the Alamo. That is the first point. The second is that sticks and stones ought to be distinguished from still photographs. To remark that we have evidence of three hundred SS-20s in Europe and photographs of concentration camps for Soviet dissenters isn't to throw sticks and stones. Throwing sticks and stones at your neighbor is acting aggressively. The assertion that the United States has initiated aggressions against the Soviet Union might get you re-elected to Congress from Massachusetts. It will not get you elected Tenderfoot in any ethical or rational society.

Somebody said: "I think there ought to be regular meetings between the chiefs of state of the two superpowers." Thus rendered, who can have any objections? Precisely the easiest thing to put up with about the United Nations General Assembly is that it meets every year. In that way, one accepts it as one does periodic blights. Every morning's newspaper carries an obituary column, which makes obituaries much easier to take. If President Reagan were to schedule a meeting with the head of the Soviet Union every May Day in Washington, and every Fourth of July in Moscow, one would see no organic objection to such meetings.

But here is the trouble with what is going on at this point. The United States, as a Western power whose mode of thinking traces to Hellenic and rationalist forms, is pinioned to the proposition that when two adversaries meet using words rather than swords, little Socratic seedlings will ejaculate, and one or more of these will gestate into disarmament, understanding, and world peace. But the Soviet Union is not informed by the rationalist rubric. A summit conference with Reagan, if held during the next few months, would be deemed by the Soviet Union to be a sign of its strength: I.e., the Soviet Union will, through the exercise of its leverage on world opinion, including American opinion, have fostered the illusion that the Soviet Union is amenable to reason.

Now it doesn't matter critically that this isn't the case. But it matters greatly that Soviet initiatives are, by derivation, deemed to be reasonable. If the general assumption is that anyone who agrees to a summit conference is moved by a desire for conciliation and cooperation, then preposterous positions submitted by the Soviet Union take on a plausible air. If Shylock is preceded by the reputation of being a reasonable man, then his demand for a pound of flesh becomes somehow reasonable. Not only that, but the American President, going to a summit conference and returning without any concrete accord, becomes—all those things the Democrats have been saying about Ronald Reagan: obdurate, intransigent, pigheaded. The kind of guy who throws sticks and stones at his neighbor.

Reagan is a very sharp politician, and it is unlikely he will go to Moscow, or to Geneva—or wherever—in order to exchange, say, the ratification of the Soviet Union's postwar borders for a Soviet endorsement of a wonderful basket of human rights. But one wonders whether any politician can be sharp enough to avoid the atmospheric ambush built into summit spectaculars. Reagan, returned from China, is less convincing a leader of anti-Communist opinion than the virginal, pre-Peking Reagan. Because going to Peking inevitably requires involvement in those social coils that tend to strangle the spirit.



How refreshing it would be if the President were to say that his ambassador and his Secretary of State will instantly relay any proposals of the Soviet Union about anything of common interest. And that he would be happy to meet with the Soviet leader personally, but under conditions that discouraged extraneous pressures. Say in Vienna, or in Geneva. Just the two, their interpreters, and two or three advisors. And, oh yes: No press. "We don't want a public event for the sake of a public event," Reagan could say. "We just want to meet, to experience one another, and hope that there is something we can do to inch us along toward enduring peace." Semi-anonymous meetings between chiefs of superpowers are hard to arrange, but Mr. Reagan has had a lot of experience with good producers. □

RONALD REAGAN AND THE SOVIET UNION

NEW YORK, JUNE 22

ROBERT MASSIE is for many reasons one of the most interesting men in America. He is the author of *Nicholas and Alexandra*, a book rich and readable and timelessly informative about the lives of that strange and inept couple who presided over the liquidation of the dynastic era in the Soviet Union, and the author also of *Peter the Great*, a biography of the titanic figure who founded modern Russia and created St. Petersburg so to speak as an act of royal will. Both books won every prize in sight and deserved to do so, while their quiet and self-effacing author, and his studious and talented wife, Suzanne, continue to pursue their studies of the Russian character, transformed now into what we tend to call the Soviet character. But perhaps it is less than that. Perhaps it is not a transformation but merely an accretion. This is a subject of deep scholarly and human interest. Like asking: Did Hitler become a part of Germany, or did Hit-

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lerism die in that bunker in Berlin in April of 1945?

Recently, in an exchange in front of college students, Robert Massie faced the question: Is it right for the President of the United States to go about saying that the Soviet Union is an "evil empire," and that its leaders spend their time cheating and lying? The strain on Massie's gentle and thoughtful face was apparent. As a scholar of ancient and modern Russia he knows that, indeed, that is how, substantially, Soviet leaders behave. And yes, if the word "evil" is useful in describing the corporate practices of a state, that's approximately the right word to describe the Soviet state.

But—"No. President Reagan shouldn't say that kind of thing publicly."

We are going to be hearing a great deal in the hectic political months ahead on the question whether the United States, with Reagan in the White House, can have a proper "working relationship" with the Soviet Union. It is Massie's point, really, that diplomatic protocols transcend truth and righteousness. It is a very subtle point because, of course, it binds one side alone. We establish protocols by which the Soviet Union is guided—in the demands it makes on us. The press seldom even bothers to report the routine denunciations of the President of the United States by the leaders of the Soviet Union. This is taken for granted. But paradoxically, the Soviet Union is bound by Western protocols in respect of itself. So that when the President of the United States says such things as that the leaders of the Soviet Union are cruel and conniving, and that history has passed judgment on the superstitions of Marxism-Leninism, these are taken by the Soviet leadership as effrontery that (Massie maintains) do in fact get in the way of the painful evolution of a modus vivendi.

But he makes the point that others must at all costs say what the President is denied the privilege of saying. Diplomatic correctness is for diplomats: A Churchill or a Roosevelt at Yalta, to show solidarity with Stalin, may pose with him and exchange oleaginous toasts about Stalin's great qualities as a leader. For a historian or a journalist to ape such language is to profane the entirely different muse that should guide our behavior. Fellow-traveling in diplomatic intercourse by Western leaders, Robert Massie would say (except that he would say it better), is a transcendent requirement of leadership. Fellow-traveling by other than leaders is blasphemy.

What we are then left with is one of those difficulties that inhere in democracy. Because the President of the United States is thought of as a moral leader. So that when a President says that he "likes old Joe," or when a President looks into the eyes of Chinese mass-executioners and toasts their health, there is a moral ripple effect. The democratic constituencies of such leaders take seriously these displays of warmth. And then the temptation grows to invest moral credibility in the leader's words and associations. And all kinds of difficulties arise. Call it a dilemma. Mr. Massie should write a book about that dilemma. I shall give it a very special prize. □

WHO WAS RIGHT?

NEW YORK, JUNE 27

IT IS worth while, before the controversy crystallizes in the memory as one in which we (the United States) were wrong, and they (the World Court) were right, to shake up the set-pieces a little and see where they reassemble under the prodding of a little thought.

The United Nations was set up to bring about world peace, as I guess most of us remember. Complicated instruments were baptized with that imperative in mind. The crucial provision in the United Nations Charter is Article 24, and what it says is: "In order to ensure prompt and effective action by the United Nations, its members confer on the Security Council primary responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security . . ." That means that when there is a dispute between Nicaragua and El Salvador in which the UN is involved, the Security Council has "primary responsibility" on how to dispose of it.

Well, what about secondary responsibility? Here we consult Article 33, which provides, in part, that "the parties to any dispute, the continuance of which is likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace and security, shall, first of all, seek a solution by negotiation, inquiry, mediation, conciliation, arbitration, judicial settlement, resort to regional agencies or arrangements, or other peaceful means of their own choice."

But what if a party in contention does not seek to avail itself of the secondary means of proceeding? When the United States ratified its own membership in the World Court, it reserved the right to determine the court's jurisdiction as it might be said to apply to the United States. This reservation was, of course, philosophically compatible with the idea of the veto in the Security Council.

Ask yourself, then, whether the dispute between Nicaragua and the United States is a political or a factual dispute, on the understanding that factual disputes are more properly the business of courts to decide, while political disputes are more properly the concern of the Security Council.

If there are factual questions to be solved, how will the World Court solve them? By subpoenaing the KGB records of the Kremlin, and the CIA records of the United States? Will Mr. Chernenko's attorney disclose the volume of military hardware shipped into El Salvador to aid the revolution there? Will the United States Solicitor General reveal how we have ascertained that Nicaragua is pressing its revolution by force of arms?

Triple fiddlesticks. Professor Abram Chayes of the Harvard Law School, who was counselor to the State Department during Mr. Carter's regime and is now counsel to Nicaragua, contending all the silly things professors of law get paid to contend when rich clients are out on a limb, wrote a *Harvard Law Review* article in 1965 ("A Common Lawyer Looks at International Law") in which he acknowledged that "most great disputes between states, even when they involve important legal elements, are not justiciable." Lloyd Cutler, who was counsel to President Carter, said to the American Society of International Law on April 14: ". . . the [World] Court has never before determined that an act of aggression or an unlawful use of armed force has occurred or that a threat to the peace exists, nor has it ever before been asked to grant an interim or a final remedy for such an event."

So? Senator Moynihan and Anthony Lewis charge that Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and her legal advisor, Allan Gerson, are ignorant of the law. Moynihan adds the homily that even though the Soviet Union does not abide by the law, that doesn't mean we shouldn't. It's true that just because the Soviet Union shoots people and uses poison gas, we shouldn't. But we are not here talking about abstract imperatives to good conduct. We are talking about points of contention between great powers. If the United States and the Soviet Union conclude a treaty not to engage in anti-satellite technology, it makes all the difference whether the Soviet Union abides by the treaty: because the United States' pledge to do so is precisely contingent on Soviet compliance.

The Soviets desire to rule the world, and en route to doing so is Central America. They push there, we properly resist there. The notion that a World Court should assume the authority to tell the Soviet Union to go ahead, and us to cease and desist, is the kind of squishy-soft eristic cuckoo-talk that used to cause Daniel Patrick Moynihan to weep in despair, back when he was in the United Nations, back when he was fighting the good fight. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

MALE, 30, 5'7", considered handsome; marketing person. Interested in conversation, dining out, seashore, right-to-life activities, children. Seeks female with similar interests. Metro New York. Write NR Box 3926.

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MALE GRADUATE STUDENT, Chinese, 25, seeks friendship of American girl. Enjoys literature, movies. Send photo; will be returned. Write NR Box 3927.

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HANDSOME, ATHLETIC NYC WASP, 41; warm, successful, good-humored. Enjoys squash, skiing, theater. Interested in meeting slim, gentle, fun woman, 25-33. Phone and photo please. Write NR Box 3914.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The City of Abraham during the Civil War? (2 words)
106 12 35 83 117 120 204 212 28 31 / 64 77

B. Russian general and composer (1788-1857)
126 158 50 184 76

C. What hypochondriacs enjoy (2 words)
140 78 194 129 39 30 137 40 145

D. Cricket retreats?
159 54 210 108 169 175 81 127 36

E. An educated guess
173 190 82 16 97 198 208 112

F. A fat bird without precedence (2 words)
199 51 5 63 80 113 157 8 211 179

G. Mutt's comic-strip partner
53 19 60 134

H. Suburb of London (2 words)
61 182 196 115 139 130 65

I. Bathing attire for the beach
14 3 27 33 55 79 90 2

J. Laborious
98 21 109 151 165 136

K. What a Siberian who marries a widow might get in the bargain
138 85 23 193 144 116 1 207 7

L. The main city in Maine
146 42 70 56 161 24 148

M. A town west of Bangalore
164 153 86 100 205 168

N. Instant
176 122 141 43 89 162 25 131 66

O. The Archbishop of Manila (his name will never attain perfection) (2 words)
74 84 20 32 192 47 62 95 99 107 / 118

P. One of the 12 apostles
185 202 123 160 188 71 143 57

Q. A politician who sits here might tear his pants (3 words)
209 17 37 87 96 52 110 29 92 133

R. A sanatorium that might accept the retired head of a remainder house (2 words)
22 88 67 26 186 75 44 155

S. A pronoun that contains two other pronouns
34 72 68 45 58 11

T. Trial
46 124 150 187 163 101 201

U. Matthew's type of humor?
177 195 111 59 103 166

V. What one of Noah's grandsons might be called (noun)
38 178 170 189 125 203

W. Attributed
93 181 167 104 152 200 180

X. Where James of Compostela might freeze while at worship (3 words)
142 10 147 18 48 69 119 121 154 174 / 191 197 206 6 9

Y. Siberian city northeast of Sverdlovsk
149 73 132 171 13 91 183

Z. Confess (2 words)
4 156 49 102 94

* Engrossed
41 135 105 172

\+ A tree you might think beautiful (*don't look so* sheepish!)
114 15 128

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 K	2 I		3 I	4 Z	5 F	6 X	7 K		8 F	9 X		10 X		11 S	12 A	13 Y	14 I	15 +
	16 E	17 Q	18 X	19 G	20 O	21 J	22 R	23 K	24 L	25 N	26 R	27 I	28 A	29 Q		30 C	31 A	32 O	
33 I	34 S	35 A	36 D		37 Q	38 V	39 C		40 C	41 *	42 L	43 N		44 R	45 S	46 T	47 O	48 X	49 Z
50 B		51 F	52 Q		53 G	54 D	55 I	56 L	57 P		58 S	59 U	60 G	61 H		62 O	63 F	64 A	
65 H	66 N	67 R	68 S	69 X	70 L	71 P		72 S	73 Y		74 O	75 R	76 B	77 A	78 C	79 I	80 F	81 D	
82 E	83 A	84 O	85 K		86 M	87 Q	88 R		89 N	90 I	91 Y	92 Q	93 W	94 Z	95 O	96 Q		97 E	98 J
99 O	100M		101T	102Z	103U		104W	105*		106A	107O	108D	109J		110Q	111U	112E	113F	114+
115H	116K	117A	118O	119X		120A	121X		122N	123P	124T	125V	126B	127D		128+	129C	130H	131N
	132Y	133Q	134G	135*	136J	137C	138K		139H	140C	141N		142X	143P	144K	145C		146L	147X
	148L	149Y	150T	151J	152W	153M	154X	155R		156Z	157F	158B	159D	160P		161L	162N	163T	164M
165J	166U		167W	168M	169D	170V	171Y	172*	173E		174X	175D	176N	177U		178V	179F	180W	
181W	182H	183Y	184B		185P	186R	187T		188P	189V	190E	191X	192O	193K	194C	195U		196H	197X
198E	199F	200W		201T	202P	203V		204A	205M	206X	207K	208E		209Q	210D		211F	212A	

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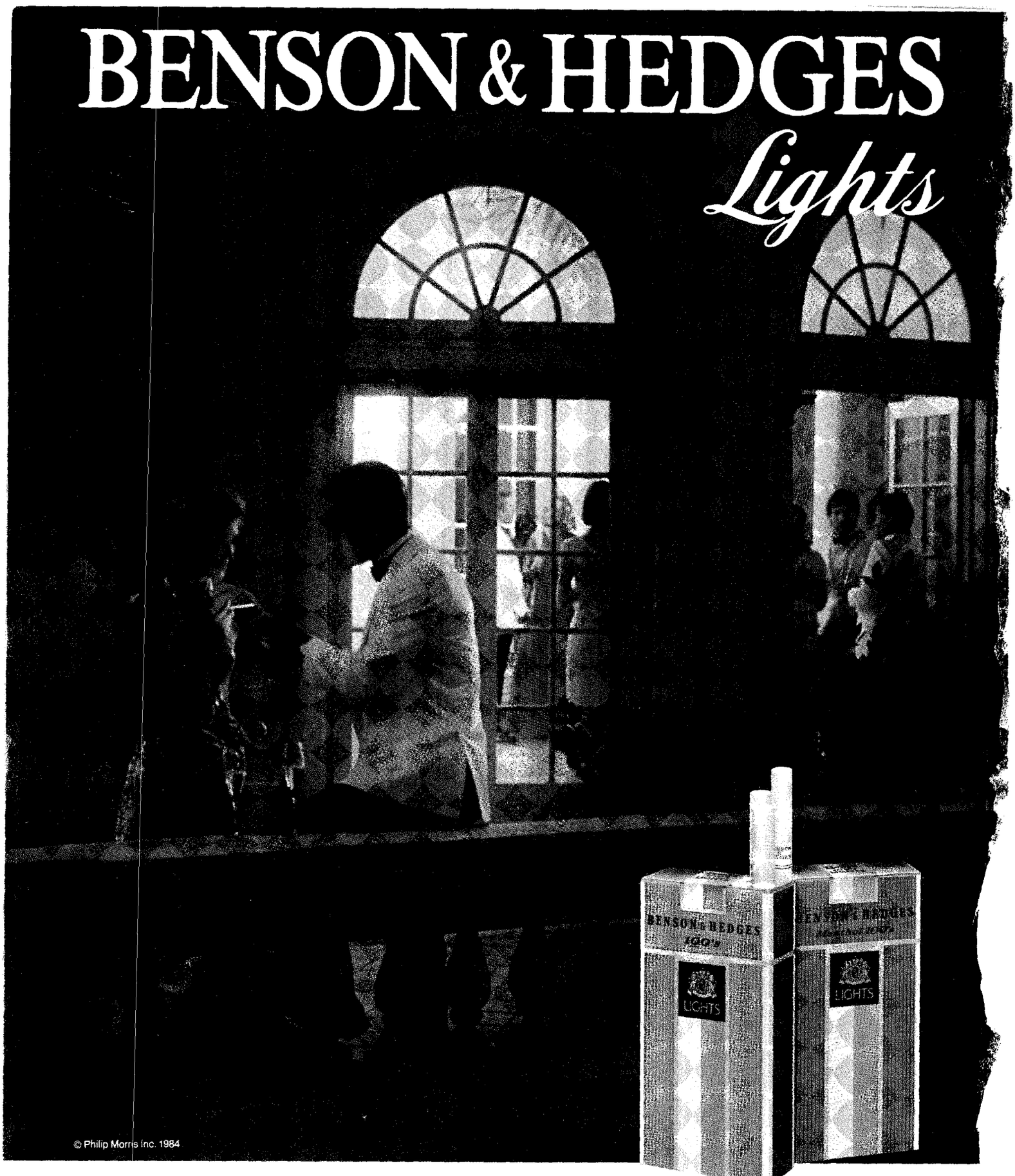

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